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NATIONAL REVIEW

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

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In This Issue . . .

→ With the new season's crops springing from America's pampered fields toward their destined home in the surplus storage bins of Billie Sol Estes' more prudent fellow operators, the moment is propitious for a glance, in fact a double-take, at that most prolific of all twentieth-century farm products: the subsidy programs of the U.S. Department of Agriculture. **Robert Haney Scott,** Fellow in Money and Banking, Michigan State University, goes straight to the mouth of the Derby winner for the answer to his questions about the 1962 Farm Bill harvest. **W. C. Hanna** gets right down to cases—of *"Nuts, That Is"* —in his study of the relation between Mother Nature and *genus bureaucratum.* Major Hanna (Army, Ret.) knows all about nuts by growing them, by the thousands, along with sheep, on his own farm near Portland, Oregon.

→ **Rodney Gilbert,** who has made more sense about China for a longer time than any other journalist we can think of, considers the proposal that we should send food, now, to that famine-struck country, and explains the wrong way and the right way to do so. . . . Though it took Gamal Abdel Nasser five hours a couple of weeks ago to define his program of "Arab socialism," **Carl Leiden** manages to be a good deal more succinct, and infinitely clearer. Mr. Leiden, now a visiting professor of government at the University of Texas, has spent many years in the Middle East, and knows Egypt and Nasser by the direct observation that was possible while he was teaching at Cairo's American University from 1959-61. . . . **Henry Hazlitt,** the nemesis of American Keynesians, suggests that Presidents who live in platitudinous houses should be careful about throwing clichés. . . . *NR* editor **Frank S. Meyer** states the case for the launching of a new party in New York State by conservatives who adhere, traditionally, to the two-party system. . . . **Russell Kirk** finds the relation between neurosis and ideology to be rather less simple than Harold Lasswell wishes to believe.

→ The book section is led off by the distinguished American historian and Columbia professor, **Louis M. Hacker,** who reviews the second and concluding volume of Broadus Mitchell's study of Alexander Hamilton, and affirms "the solidity and grandeur of Hamilton's permanent legacy to the country which he served so well. . . . A varied, nostalgic, rich, if not quite perfect, anthology of writing from *The Thirties: A Time to Remember* is examined by **Noel E. Parmentel Jr.** in a mood of geniality to which he has not accustomed *NR*'s readers. . . . **Finis Farr,** biographer of Frank Lloyd Wright and sly student of American mores, finds that in *A Gift for Gomala,* the pseudonymous John Baxter has written a satire on New Nations and the Foreign Aid Program so delicious that it almost justifies all the money we've spent. . . . **Morton Cronin** considers what producer-director Otto Preminger did to eliminate the distinctive and memorable qualities from the movie he made of Allen Drury's novel, *Advise and Consent.* →

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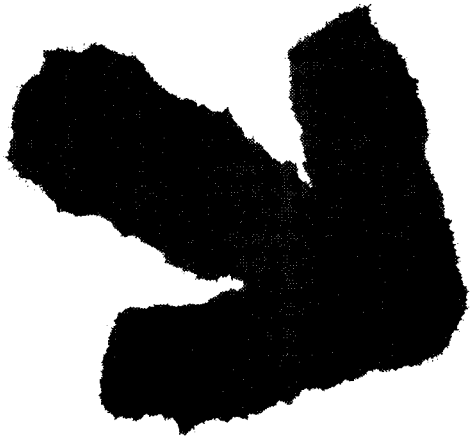

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The WEEK

● The State Department is thinking of using computers to determine our foreign policy, presumably because it would be comforting to know that our next fiasco was, at least, a *calculated* risk.

● President Roberto Francisco Chiari of Panama had his two days of "talks" with President Kennedy on the usual topics of pelf and power. To wit: he would like more cash from the Canal, and he would like the U.S. flag to drop, permanently, from the territory over which by treaty it rightly flies. Well, the Canal isn't what it used to be, what with ships getting heavier about the hips, and there's talk of digging another, somewhere. But treaties are very much treaties, and national sovereignty is, if anything, more than what it used to be, for little countries, that is. The yearning to Nasserize the Panama Canal is only an expression of Panamanian chauvinism gone amok, and in Panama, as in many other spots about the globe, the riot of local nationalism takes over in areas vacated by the United States' own disavowal of its national interest. As in so much of human life the discussion will focus on a symbol; in this case the symbol is the continuing presence of the United States flag in the Zone, and the absence of the Panamanian flag. Whether that symbol will be dragged out to sea in the ebb tide of our withdrawal, who can say? There was a time when American statesmen fought for such things as flags.

● A court in Milwaukee, upholding a union regulation, fined Mary Ellen Benson for refusing to attend union meetings on Sundays, the timing of which conflicted with both her church attendance and her religious beliefs. If Heaven is going to continue, as in the past, to protect the poor working girl, it will evidently have to retain Edward Bennett Williams.

● New York's Conservative Party has apparently grown enough hair on its chest to attract the attention of the Republican machine. In mid-June the Executive Committee of the New York Republican State Committee passed a shrill resolution about the horror of "splinter parties" and urged all Republicans to oppose such thorns in the flesh of the Rockefeller-Javits crowd. On June 21 the Conservative Party answered, "We will never be reconciled until New York again has a genuine two-party system." And there are new members of the Party's State Committee: Joseph Ball, former U.S. Senator from Minnesota; Charles Edison, former governor of New Jersey; Thomas Cole, president of Lockport Mills; Donald Rogers, business and financial editor of the *New York Herald Tribune;* Henry Hottinger, head of the Wall Street firm of Wertheim & Co.; and other business and professional men. The anxiety of the Republican machine may trace back to the presence of such men on the Conservative Party's State Committee. Or it may have something to do with the network of Conservative Party clubs spreading across the state. Or maybe Messrs. Rockefeller and Javits know something about the Conservative Party's progress toward announcing its candidates for Governor and Senator.

● "We sent to India machine tools and equipment which would have been very useful in our own national economy. And yet we found it possible to meet half-way India's request for satisfying her urgent needs, since without her own metallurgy and engineering industry, she could not develop her own national economy and strengthen her independence. What other countries . . . are capable of such a step, of such disinterested help?" That's the way Khrushchev put it the other day, and we know just how he feels.

● The State Department and its journalistic megaphones are terribly upset about the Hickenlooper Amendment which the Senate tacked on to the foreign aid bill. This requires that all aid shall be withheld from any country that expropriates American-owned property and fails to compensate the owners in "convertible foreign exchanges" within six months, or (failing that) to accept arbitration within twelve months. State Department aides are reported as mentioning that no Latin American country *has* convertible foreign exchanges; and the only way they could get any would be through loans from the United States, which are outlawed for that purpose. Moreover, complain the aides, negotiations over compensation would become awfully sticky if the Amendment stays. An American corporation whose property had been seized would realize that it could force a cut-off of foreign aid payments to the country in question if it refused to settle for the usual ludicrously low figure. It's clear that the official worries are justified: the amendment would make expropriations so difficult they might even stop. If he sticks to his guns, Senator Hickenlooper may soon rate a vote of censure from the UN General Assembly.

● Trial Examiner A. Norman Somers of the NLRB has ruled that UAW Local 283 in West Allis, Wisconsin, was within its rights to impose fines on four employees who, under piecework rules, produced so much that their earnings went over the union limits. The full NLRB must now pass on the ruling, which

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goes against two of the Administration's stated objectives: "getting this country moving," and keeping wage rises within "productivity" (which is best computed at the piecework level). The NLRB's decision will show us which is the prior claim on the Administration's balance sheet: the political debt to labor monopolists, or the moral obligation to workers, whether union or not, to see that they receive payment for their production.

● Over the past few weeks, a number of explosions have ripped holes in the Berlin Wall. Suppose, just suppose, that every night several explosions—produced, perhaps, from the convenient, easily set "plastic" made considerably too familiar by Algeria —occurred at scattered spots, on both sides of the Wall's long course? Put us down for a constructive suggestion.

● As the 300-page master plan for United States strategy, prepared under the direction of Walt Whitman Rostow—as reported some weeks ago in NATIONAL REVIEW—reaches its final bureaucratic stage, various of its proposals are leaking through to public notice. One early revelation will surprise no one acquainted with Mr. Rostow's writings. The plan includes a variant of the "two Chinas policy": admission of Communist China to the UN, *as* "China," while continuing Formosa's membership as "an independent state." As an addendum, Chiang would be compelled to withdraw from Quemoy and Matsu.

● Premier Amintore Fanfani's coalition government in Italy owes its existence to the support of Pietro Nenni's left-wing Socialists, as part of a deal in which Fanfani promised to nationalize the electrical industry. The coalition has now approved a nationalization plan, which must pass through the Parliament, and its broad outlines are characteristic. 1) It illustrates the disproportionate power exercised by the leftists when they are invited in through the *apertura a sinistra* ("opening to the Left")—for they obtain, through their veto, working control of things. 2) It proves the Marxist line about businessmen selling the rope that will be their noose, for Italy's private utility owners and investors are being bought off at prices about 23 per cent above the current market. 3) It removes control from a decentralized group (investors, owners), and places it in the hands of a single functionary, Enrico Mattei, whose ambition is to control all of Italy's energy sources, even to hooking Italian refineries into Soviet oil supply channels. Let us hope that Italy will not become the Free World's first economic satellite of the Soviet Union.

● The Greek government, having extended the wheat subsidy for one year and raised the price of bread by 5 per cent, has announced that this foolishness, which costs the Greek consumers $27 million a year, has got to cease. So, next year, the government plans to reduce the acreage planted to wheat and make up the difference with importations of cheap—you guessed it—American surplus wheat, which is cheap to others only because it's costly to American taxpayers, whose bill for agricultural subsidies amounts to some $3 billion a year. That ain't hay.

New Phase for NATO

Secretary of Defense McNamara's June 16 address at the University of Michigan and Secretary of State Rusk's subsequent trip to Paris are symptoms of the developing crisis within the Western Alliance. What is at stake is the power structure of NATO (together with the associated Western nations not formally part of the treaty organization). Up to now NATO has been dominated by the United States; the other members have been not peers but juniors. This has expressed the postwar realities: the actual preponderance of the American economy; the effective American monopoly (within the Western Alliance) of nuclear weapons systems—the decisive strategic arm. (Britain has never pretended that its minor nuclear armament was to be conceived as independent of the American.)

Logically, under these circumstances, America has also kept the exclusive right (and means) to order the use of the nuclear bombs, warheads and other devices, wherever these are located, for whatever purpose. Washington has, further, done all that it could to prevent the enlargement of the Nuclear Club beyond its three first members: partly on the theory that the danger of nuclear war increases enormously with the spread of nuclear weapons to additional countries; partly, no doubt, because one does not willingly see one's own power diminish relative to others; and partly too, perhaps, because Franklin Roosevelt's old dream of a world kept in order by a working agreement between the Big Two has not wholly lost its fascination.

The realities have partly changed. Western Europe's economy is not yet equal to the American, but it has moved up into the same league. In spite of American refusal to supply information or technical help, France has begun to make her own atomic weapons, and an all-European effort could now achieve a major nuclear armament. European statesmen, as their power base strengthens, are restive at the fact that the decision whether or not to use the decisive strategic weapon in the defense of Europe rests with Washington.

It is de Gaulle who has taken the lead in an at-

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tempt to rewrite the terms. If he cannot do it with American agreement, he intends that France shall build her own nuclear systems, and have them under her own absolute control. Europe, then, under French leadership, will become (in de Gaulle's perspective) a true Third Power, able to deal as it chooses with the empires of East and West.

Mr. McNamara's address was designed to show that the United States upholds the old strucure, and wholly opposes de Gaulle's policy and intent. The two views, in both their military and their political dimensions, are contraries which no amount of diplomacy can reconcile. De Gaulle's course leads toward a Europe that would be neutralist, if not actually allied, in the end, with Russia. But this cannot be countered by mere reassertion on the past relations, since these no longer correspond to the present realities. The only solution would seem to be, on the military side, the creation of a "NATO deterrent"—though the problem of multiple command of nuclear weapons is recognizably formidable—as the military phase of the development of NATO into a deeper, more integral community of the West.

0 10+

In the weather office that might mean, "Clear; visibility more than ten miles." It describes a fairly unusual day in the aviation business but the normal condition of political weather for the labor movement.

Consider the flight engineers. For various reasons, some of them imperial and some of them less grandiose, the flight engineers have threatened to strike. They have threatened repeatedly in the last week or so, and between their threats they have listened with cool impassivity to the pleas, bribes, bargains, threats, and deals enunciated by the White House and Labor Secretary Goldberg and even the Congress.

But it's always 0 10+ on the labor map. Government can't produce anything but wind, and airmen know how to correct for wind. So the flight engineers will strike if they want, over the noisiest objections of the entire Federal Government—and nothing will happen.

This handful of minor technicians is not inherently more powerful than the American steel industry; it is privileged, that is all. It is immune to effective legal restraint and to prosecution under any kind of anti-trust legislation, and it enjoys a political leverage that derives from the general panic felt by both Congress and the Executive before the tantrums of labor tycoons.

Roger Blough knuckled under to the superior power of the President. Now it's the President's turn. Mere citizens are advised to fasten their seat belts.

Does Mr. Forster Plead the Fifth?

In its June 5 and June 19 issues, NATIONAL REVIEW *commented on the attempt to smear Dr. Fred Schwarz in conjunction with his first public activities in New York City, and on the role which Mr. Arnold Forster and the Anti-Defamation League have played in that defamatory operation. Mr. Eugene Lyons, a scheduled speaker at the June 28 Anti-Communism Rally, has given us permission to publish a letter he sent to Mr. Forster:*

Dear Mr. Forster:

I have been invited to speak at the Madison Square Garden meeting organized by Dr. Fred Schwarz. I gather that the Anti-Defamation League has been attacking Dr. Schwarz. I would therefore be most grateful if you could let me know without delay what your League knows about him that I don't.

Some months ago I published an article, which I am enclosing herewith, attacking the so-called Far or Radical Right. It has, as I expected, embroiled me in argument with the Birch group. But I have no reason to believe—after making a conscientious inquiry into his career and enterprises—that Dr. Schwarz is in the same category.

In the past week I have met Dr. Schwarz personally. He also joined some of the [*Reader's*] *Digest* editors at a luncheon, in which he was thoroughly grilled on all aspects of his work. Moreover, I have questioned others who have looked into the matter.

I have found nothing that would even remotely justify the implications of the "thumbs down" by the ADL. I can only suppose, therefore, that you know something about him that nobody else seems to know. I do believe, both as a Jew and as a journalist, that you ought to share the information with me.

I feel sure that your attitude cannot be based solely on the word "Christian" in the name of his organization. On that basis, you would have to oppose the Christian Temperance societies and a thousand other enterprises including the word.

Frankly, the ADL stance in this matter is potentially dangerous in terms of anti-Semitism. Dr. Schwarz is meeting, in the great Jewish city of New York, the kind of harassment he has not met anywhere else. Millions of earnest anti-Communists are likely to misinterpret this and lay the blame at your door. I do hope to receive your answer soon. Cordially,

June 7, 1962 EUGENE LYONS

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With Nicolas in Darkest America

(From the introduction to a factual five-part series on the American Right by the French journalist Nicolas Châtelain, published in the French newspaper, Le Figaro, *for which he has long been Washington correspondent.)*

"But why are you interested in it?" most of my friends would say. "Interested in conservatism, what a strange idea!" "Pay no attention to it—it doesn't deserve any. The less we talk about it, the better."

For my part, there were certain hesitations about proceeding with this inquiry. What astonished me most was the lack of enthusiasm I encountered, the little encouragement I received, the care that was taken to put me on my guard before I undertook this task. It was as if I were about to lose my way in unexplored, venomous jungles and perhaps return from them soiled by contacts which should never have been made in the first place, or—can one ever be sure?—converted to "reaction," marked for life like those travelers who never recover from an extended stay in the tropics. It was these innuendos that made me decide to go see for myself.

There is much talk just now of "reaction" in the United States; the very word is fashionable, and reaction also, for that matter. "The disease of extremism is on the upsurge," say those who habitually gauge the pulse of the nation. "The spectre of Joe McCarthy has not been exorcised; you can hear a thunder on the Right."

It is precisely under this title, at once intriguing and disturbing, that a major weekly [*Newsweek*] recently presented a picture of the situation. What is the Right? it asked. Why the thunder? How strong is it?

Closed Circuit

When one lives in Washington, the phenomenon is difficult to evaluate, especially at this time, in the capital of John Kennedy, where the Liberals flatter themselves that they are the elite. It is with them, almost exclusively, that a stranger deals. We live here in a closed circuit, only too tempted to see only those who resemble us and who have proliferated with the coming of the New Frontier. They all look and feel alike, which is reassuring, but largely lacking in novelty.

But to return to "the thunder on the Right." It is the Liberals who have invented the phrase, and who is not a Liberal among journalists and other professionals of the written word? They have always been talented in conjuring up images of this sort and they immediately start to tremble at the sight of the scarecrows they have erected to explain their own fears. I will admit to being blasé. I have always thought, moreover, that Joe McCarthy would not have had so fabulous a career if his adversaries had not been so intent on making a big thing of each of his extravagances, thereby giving him the greatest free publicity.

When I mention this, my Liberal Washington friends flush red with anger:

"How can you say such idiocies? That's an argument the reactionaries use! That's how fascism starts!"

Indignation of the Liberals

There is no one more verbose than a Liberal in protest. He has an unfortunate habit of manipulating words and of putting together generalities, one in front of another like freight cars rolling along well-oiled tracks.

The good conservative is less adroit, or at least he has been so recently. He has never spoken glibly and is not regarded as an intellectual greyhound.

The indignation of the Liberals does not surprise me. We have seen them singularly more vigilant and more alert toward the werewolves of the extreme Right than toward the crocodiles of the extreme Left (and that is another remark that they don't like to have made). It is they, however, who refused for so long to see the Chinese Communists except under the reassuring guise of agrarian reformers; to see Castro as anything but a chivalrous defender against tyranny. We have seen them applaud Nasser at the moment of Suez (with a little difficulty, to be sure, because it was also difficult to condemn Israel). They have admired Nehru. They have condemned Tshombe, "that instrument of capitalist enterprise." They work against colonialism and favor the United Nations; they denigrated Dulles and admire Stevenson. Above all they talk, they write . . . their prejudices are tenacious and practically disillusion-proof, and they express themselves both verbosely and well. The more one is in their company, the more often one thinks with nostalgia of the inarticulate.

As one can see, it is not in the national capital that the American conservative is to be found in his natural state. Washington is not his habitat. One must go in search of him, as in search of the buffalo, to other pastures.

It is this expedition to the regions where the reactionary roams his native ground—and conspires, we are told—that I will try to tell you about. . . .

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Dr. Castro's School of Anti-Communism

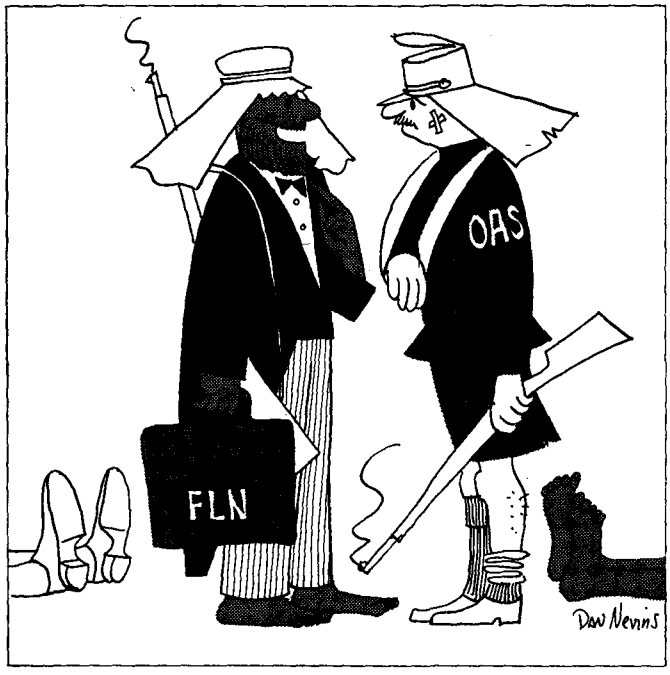
One positive effect Fidel Castro has had is to bring home forcibly to some people in Latin America, and particularly those whose homelands lie close to Cuba, the dangers of expansionist Communism. The rich and powerful, who for so long played the game of Button, Button Who's Got the Government while leftist agitators and Communist agents infiltrated the trade unions, the newspapers and radio stations, the bureaucracies and the universities, have become aware of Communism through Castro. But in too many cases their efforts to combat Communism have been spasmodic, badly financed, overly ambitious in concept and poor in execution.

In Venezuela, however, a group has come into being which shows signs not only of understanding the scope of the job it has undertaken—in a country where Castro-trained guerrillas are even now operating, and a leftist government stays in power only by suppressing civil rights—but also a decided flair and zest in the execution of its psychological warfare campaigns.

The group, for one thing, is well financed. A number of Venezuelan companies have pledged to it a certain percentage of their net profit, to be used in anti-Communist operations. It has already won control of two or three of the professional business organizations, including a militant group of 5,000 women who, in one busy afternoon recently, placed 30,000 telephone calls to various members of the government to protest legislation which would have favored the Communists. Through agitation and the threat of economic boycott they have managed to cut down *El Nacional,* the radical leftist paper, from 64 to approximately 28 pages through the withdrawal of advertisements. They now take radio time regularly for anti-Communist programs and newscasts and are planning a weekly news bulletin.

But the operation they are most pleased with was a demonstration of anti-Communist sentiment on May Day. They took May Day away from the Communists by spreading through Caracas half a million Venezuelan flags on the backs of which was written: *"Democracia Sí, Communismo No."* If you believe this, they told the people through radio spots, letters and advertisements, fly the flag on May Day. And on May Day, as the Communists paraded through the streets they found them festooned with the flags and jammed with hostile crowds.

This group, which has asked not to be identified by name since it is also involved in certain penetration operations into Communist-dominated enterprises, is anxious to make contact with other anti-Communist organizations in Latin America and elsewhere; to exchange material with these organizations and, eventually, to arrange for the publication of anti-Communist books and material at prices students and workers can pay.



"Do you remember, when Ike was in, we were the 'terrorists'?"

Justice, Mercy, and Junius Scales

The *New York Times* (June 14) has added its editorial voice to the petition (headed by Norman Thomas, Reinhold Niebuhr, and Princeton president Robert Goheen) for clemency for Junius Scales, the Communist Party organizer who was indicted in November 1954 under the "knowing membership" clause of the Smith Act, whose conviction was upheld by the Supreme Court in June 1961, and who started serving his six-year sentence last October.

Two years after his indictment Scales was still a Communist. In February 1957 he was nominated at the Party's National Convention for a relatively important Party office. Shortly after that Scales stated publicly that he was resigning from the Party. But as late as 1961 he was keeping company with active officials of the Party; he has never answered the charge that his resignation was spurious; he refused to testify at his trial; and he has steadfastly refused to cooperate with the FBI, the House Committee on Un-American Activities, or the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee even though his specialized knowledge of organizing techniques, as well as of Party memberships, may be rare and valuable. Junius

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Scales—a duly convicted criminal—has not availed himself of the traditional avenue to leniency: he has not turned state's witness, nor made any other retribution for his past disservice to the community. The *Times*, Norman Thomas, *et el.* ask us to accept an unsupported—and self-serving—statement by Scales (how scornful they are of such statements by *anti*-Communists!). But even if we grant that he is now an ex-Communist, as he *may* be, this is irrelevant to his conviction, which was for certain acts defined by law to be criminal, not for his beliefs as of then or now. If he begins to *act* like an ex-Communist and a loyal American, this would become a legitimate ground for recommending mitigation of his sentence; but so far he has not done so. NATIONAL REVIEW believes that the national interest calls for inducements to Communists to break meaningfully with the Communist Party, and that charity dictates forgiveness of the penitent. But neither the national interest nor charity is well served by ideologized sentimentality, or by fakery.

The New Protectionism

First, let's note that Wall Street isn't alone in its troubles. Stock prices have been declining for a year in West Germany. Other European exchanges, the South African exchange, the Tokyo market—all have been weak for some time. The flight of hundreds of thousands of Algerians to France may add intolerable burdens to France's already uneasy economy. The Common Market countries are fighting against disproportionate wage rises, declining profits, and declining export earnings.

Next, despite the trans-Atlantic swoosh of rhetoric about free trade, let's note that when things get tough the average businessman and the average government man will look for help from the closest quarter: namely, increase tariffs (U.S.: glass, carpets) even though the response annuls the effect (Europe: plastics). Buy American, Buy British, Buy French, Buy Canadian. Quotas, exchange controls, direct subsidies to affected industries, and suchlike nostrums are in the works.

Finally, let's remember that these proposals have a spiral effect. The more you protect yourself from the results of your basic flaws, the more protection you'll need. The long-run effect of the present trend could be economic stultification throughout the Free World: more government intervention and smaller markets instead of the freer, wider, more dynamic trading areas that the industrialized nations require to be healthy. To correct the problem a few years from now when it has rooted deep, will be enormously difficult. Better to take a little medicine now than spend our next decade in the hospital.

NEW FRONTIER: "C'mon in, He's everybody's friend. He's got a heart of gold."

Colored TV

In the continuing controversy over the Newburgh, N.Y., welfare reforms, the lowest blow of many aimed at the program and at City Manager Joseph McD. Mitchell was an NBC film released last January. The film ("The Battle of Newburgh," NBC White Paper #9), while purporting to be an objective documentary, was in fact biased editorializing. The tangible successes of the reform were downgraded or omitted, contrived "rebuttals" were interjected into the dialogue, and the city fathers were depicted as cruel, heartless and feudal. To point up the reform's toll in human misery, there was damning footage of a husky worker with half-naked children, reduced by unemployment, a vexatious environment and stingy officialdom, to blubbering.

This same tearful star of the film, one Thomas Hoover Weygant, showed up a few weeks ago at Joseph Mitchell's office. He had, he told Mitchell and the hastily assembled city council, been paid $50 to act out his part as an abused welfare recipient in the NBC film; the whole film, in fact, had been rigged.

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The Council wanted to know, had he come to them voluntarily, and would he sign a paper so stating? He had and would. Weygant went on to relate how he had been told what to say and by whom, how he had rehearsed his role (Weygant bragged of his acting ability), how NBC had promised to help him financially but reneged, and how NBC would "get him" if he revealed anything. They had (he said) even deliberately undressed his children to make it appear as though he could not afford clothes for them.

Only hours after Weygant had made his statement before the Newburgh officials, he went back to NBC and repudiated it. NBC announced that he had been pressured by the city into making a false confession. (We have listened to the tape recording of the proceedings, and this makes clear that no pressure was applied—just the contrary. The city councilmen were sympathetic, and went to great lengths to relieve Weygant's nervousness. Their attitude was that of trying to discover, not conceal, the facts.) The $50, said NBC, was not a fee but a collection taken up by the cameramen to help this unfortunate, abused victim.

From the record up to now, it is impossible to be sure just what the full and true story is. But it is logically certain that Weygant was lying to somebody; and therefore his performance for NBC is, at the very least, suspect. Joseph Mitchell has been fighting to correct the distorted image of Newburgh that NBC foisted on the public. The latest evidence in the matter, as was the old, is all in his favor.

Notes and Asides

We promised for this issue a two-round workout on Rev. Albert J. Nevins and Rabbi Roland Gittelsohn for remarks of irresistible inanity that the press had attributed to them, but we shall have to disappoint those of our readers who like us to come up snarling. Rabbi Gittelsohn, in a letter addressed to us, confesses the phrase, "such genuine conservatives as Walter Lippmann, Nelson Rockefeller or Leverett Saltonstall," but asserts that he made "no reference whatever . . . to NATIONAL REVIEW" as bearing no relationship to same. We will accept his plea, grant that he bears no relationship to "such dangerous radicals as Robert Taft, William Knowland and Barry Goldwater," and recommend to him a rereading of Humpty Dumpty's analysis of definitions. We got from Father Nevins the full text of his talk from which we had quoted a specially titillating sentence featured in a news report, but at the moment it is locked in a sea chest somewhere northwest of Bermuda; so our gloss will have to wait until next time, come wind and fair weather.

For the Record

UN Acting Secretary General U Thant scheduled to visit Moscow, Budapest sometime this summer, supporting informed guesses that UN decision not to bring up Hungarian revolt this year may be price Kremlin exacts for support of U Thant's election as permanent Secretary General in '63. . . . Settlement of dispute over India's proposed purchase of MIG-19s may be this: Krishna Menon reluctantly will agree to purchase of British or French planes, provided they are paid for by U.S. $$. . . . FLN statements that many Algerian Jews will be executed for collaboration with OAS after independence have alarmed Israel, which is now readying statement inviting Algerian Jews to Israel. . . . More moderate Arab and African nations alarmed over setup of unified military command in Accra by Casablanca powers.

High-handed actions by Gov. Nelson Rockefeller to force nomination of Liberal Republicans in N.Y. State angering both state and national GOP organization. Some weeks ago Rocky engineered ditching of incumbent GOP Rep. Edwin Dooley by party leaders in Westchester, in favor of former Herald Tribune editor Ogden ("Brownie") Reid. Then last week he jammed through approval of Walter Ormsby, an NEA Liberal, by Party leaders in Suffolk to run against Democratic incumbent Rep. Otis Pike. Disgruntled local GOPers hoping to come up with more conservative candidate to oppose Ormsby in Sept. primary. . . . In trouble, much heralded Liberal GOP candidate George Romney. A poll by Detroit News shows him trailing Gov. Swainson in Michigan by 42.9 per cent to 48.9 per cent. . . . Not much publicized, that 50,000 Democrats in Los Angeles wrote in the name of Joseph Shell, conservative Republican, as gubernatorial choice in recent California primary. . . . Edgar Eisenhower, who was being boomed to run against Liberal Democratic Sen. Magnuson in Washington, has endorsed candidacy of Richard Christensen, a young Lutheran minister whose platform will be conservative.

Albanian dictator Enver Hoxha is new world champion, Getting Out the Vote Division. Not only did his regime get in by vote of 99.99 per cent but 889,993 of electorate of 890,000 actually went to the polls!

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From Washington Straight

CATO

How to Go About Investigating a Scandal Without Uncovering Any Dirt, might be the title of Democratic attempts to probe the Billie Sol Estes matter. The Fountain subcommittee of the House Government Operations Committee, first congressional group to latch on to the case, is working double time trying to prove that Estes was really a Republican mistake. One startling datum it turned up was a letter written by a "legislative consultant" (read: lobbyist) named Sorkin who claims he infiltrated a "secret meeting" of GOP congressional and National Committee leaders and discovered (can you imagine?) that the Republican Party is against the Administration Farm Bill.

Cato

The Committee's biggest headline so far has been the firing of minority counsel Robert Manuel on charges that he leaked to the *New York Herald Tribune* (JFK's favorite newspaper) a copy of an Agricultural Department report on the Estes case. Manuel says the real reason he was fired was that he objected to the deletion of Vice President Johnson's name from the testimony of one Agriculture Department official.

In the Senate, Sen. John McClellan's committee will take up the Estes case just as soon it wraps up its look-see into a most significant matter: the employment of strip-teasers as ladies of the evening. When the B-girl scandal was brought to the attention of Sen. McClellan in 1959 he apparently felt there was no pressing need for an investigation, but now it seems to have A-1 priority and Republicans on the Hill feel the B-girl query will take a long . . . long . . . time.

In the absence of hard news, rumors and reports, some true, many highly unlikely, are all over the Capitol. In last week's *Roll Call,* for instance, the question was asked: do congressional investigators know to whom the insurance check was paid when Lyndon Johnson's private plane crashed a year ago?

The Senate's action in drastically curtailing U.S. aid to Communist countries in this year's foreign aid bill caused shock waves to roll across the Capitol to the House side.

The House, not the Senate, was expected to cause the Administration the most trouble on foreign aid. Rep. Otto Passman (D. La.), Chairman of the all-powerful Foreign Operations Subcommittee of the House Appropriations Committee, has long been a foreign aid foe. This year his position is bolstered by Republican members of the subcommittee who have gone along with foreign aid in the past because it was tied to military aid for such anti-Communist stalwarts as Chiang Kai-shek and Ngo Dinh Diem. GOP foes of indiscriminate giveaways would like to see a separate appropriation for military aid which would give the House a freer hand in allocating foreign aid.

At the very least the House will go along with the Senate amendment prohibiting all but surplus food aid to Communist nations. There is a good chance that it will go further.

The GOP was delighted when President Kennedy went publicly on record as favoring aid to Communist countries at his June 14 press conference.

The reason is that the questionnaires many congressmen send out to their constituents annually, have been coming back heavily loaded against any aid to Communist nations. On the whole, the questionnaires have revealed a strong reaction against many leading New Frontier legislation aims such as the attempted creation of an Urban Affairs Department, and the federal aid to education and Medicare programs.

Congressmen who asked if their constituents thought that the Administration was doing a good job in the field of foreign policy, got an overwhelming No! The UN bond issue got the same kind of treatment. But at the same time the mail indicated public support for the United Nations itself.

The Republican Congressional Campaign Committee has analyzed the questionnaires and will concentrate on them at the forthcoming candidates' conference here in Washington on July 6, 7 and 8, with a view to working out the most appealing campaign issues. Perhaps significant: few Democratic congressmen have seen fit to insert the results of their questionnaires in the *Record*—something which is *pro-forma* usually.

On most occasions, when the Administration requests an increase in the national debt limit, Congress falls dutifully in line and enacts the desired resolution. But this year the House resolution won by a scant eighteen votes.

What happened? Well, for one thing Republicans stuck together in trying to defeat the measure, losing only nine of their number. For another, Virginia's Howard Smith was able to deliver a good number of his fellow Southern Democrats.

GOP House leaders realize that the resolution is largely meaningless. The harm has been done once funds are appropriated and failure to authorize the government to borrow money would simply mean that the United States would default in its obligations.

But this served as notice that the GOP is not going to swallow the New Frontier spending program without protest. It was a warning flag.

How badly the Administration wanted this resolution passed was illustrated by the pressure put on congressmen. A slew of Republicans got calls from defense contractors in their districts telling them that the Defense Department had warned that contracts would be cancelled if the full $8 billion rise was not accepted. This led to a donnybrook on the floor during the debate, with Gerald Ford and August Johansen, both of Michigan, leading the charge. Their speeches were without doubt the bitterest yet made against the Administration on the floor of the House.

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Special Report

Food for Red China

RODNEY GILBERT

The American newspaper reader who finds an account of famine conditions in Communist China, and then turns a page to read of this country's serious surplus food problem, naturally feels that there is something all wrong about this. It just doesn't seem right that warehouses here should bulge with unsalable food at heavy government expense, while across the Pacific 600 million fellow human beings are either miserably hungry or actually starving.

The first and readiest answer to that, of course, is that the continued existence of a regime in Peiping whose policies have reduced China's vast population to such a state of misery is not right, either. The next objection is that if we were ready with all the food needed to ease the distress of the hungry millions, we have no means of getting it past those responsible for their distress to those who need it most.

Just how serious the food shortage is in Red China no one precisely knows. Peiping periodically denies that famine conditions exist anywhere; but for three full crop years —1959, 1960 and 1961—crop failures have been reported here, there and everywhere, due to floods, droughts and locusts—China's age-old blights. These explanations of food shortage were at first accepted abroad by some, but not by all.

In 1959, for example, Japanese weathermen reported that weather conditions in China could not have accounted for such crop destruction as Peiping advertised. And, as time passed, the consistent under-production of food which followed Mao Tse-tung's establishment of the commune system in 1958, made it clear that when China's farmers—80 per cent of the population—were reduced to a savage system of state serfdom, they just gave up productive farming. That they are malingering against a mad and inhuman system is no longer in doubt.

It is estimated that Peiping has a necessary elite of about 20 million persons for whom it must provide no matter what happens to the other 580 millions. The make-up of the must-be-fed groups begins with the "New Class." It then extends down through the bureaucracy to the police and the armed forces, with some rationing for the industrial proletariat. These are the people who have been getting the huge quantities of Canadian and Australian grain Red China has recently purchased. And there it stops. Refugee testimony in Hong Kong indicates that even the armed forces are now on short rations. If relief from abroad, whether by gift or loan, goes through, it will be the armed forces and the elect who are fed first—not the hungry millions.

If we are going to dump food wholesale into Red China, we should first get a guarantee that we will supervise the distribution. This we will never get. But suppose that we did, what would it amount to? It would call for the use of not less than a hundred agents to supervise the delivery of food grains into the interior.

Peiping's toleration of any such American-supervised system of distribution would be construed in Red China and abroad as subservience to a declared enemy. It must be remembered that for a decade the Mao regime has been conducting a hate-America propaganda campaign in every city street and every little village, extending into the most remote areas. Whatever effect this great effort to convince the people that the United States is their malevolent enemy has had upon their thinking would be wholly undone by the appearance of Americans distributing American food. It is not impossible that Mao is now ready to buy American food grain if he can sneak it into the country without its origin being generally known, and use it to his own advantage. But should America connive in such a scheme?

It is quite true that for at least ten years Free China's air force has been dropping occasional food parcels on the mainland, together with provocative reading matter. The drop targets have usually been distress areas or those in which rebellious anti-Red movements were underway. It is also true that such deliveries over wider areas have recently been stepped up. But these deliveries of trifling quantities of rice should not be confused with genuine relief operations. They are propaganda operations—and there is good reason to think that they are effective.

The Chinese are probably the world's liveliest conversationalists. If a food parcel from the skies containing a goodwill message from Free China and a hope for Mao's eternal damnation is picked up by a member of a rural commune, every other member will know about it within a few hours, and news of it will then go out to the eight points of the compass—and not all Mao's horses and men can stop it.

The mere fact that Taiwan has food to scatter in this way is impressive. The fact that planes from the island stronghold can penetrate deep into Red China on such errands, and return with impunity, is a bitter joke on the Peiping regime. One can ask nothing better from propaganda than that it engender a contempt for the enemy. If Washington were inclined to abet this effort by supplying Free China with food parcels, each of which would carry the notice that this was a gift from the American people, there is no conceivable reason, apart from the chagrin that it might cause our anti-anti-Communists, why we shouldn't do so. The right people, more often than not, would get the grain and Mao Tse-tung's power over his subjects would not be thereby enhanced.

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The Third World War

France Is the Fulcrum

JAMES BURNHAM

The world stage is like those theatrical productions that fill the proscenium with a dozen different sets from among which spotlights pick out first a bedroom, then a street corner, office, bar. Just so, the journalistic spotlights focus on Lebanon this week, or Formosa or Venezuela, then on the Congo, Cuba, Goa, New Guinea. . . . This familiar phenomenon is *tactical.* Action in a local area hots up: a major disaster occurs, there are riots in the streets, a government falls, or—the most usual leadoff—people start shooting each other. In most cases these incidents have much less global importance than suggested by the headlines.

At a deeper level of international scene shifting that may be called *strategic,* what happens does change the global equilibrium. The local region becomes the fulcrum for a shift that may be decisive for a civilization or all the world. At this strategic level, Russia was the critical area and fulcrum from 1917-23. From 1930-34 it was Germany; and China, from 1947-49.

Now It Is France's Turn

Everybody is aware of the tactical scene shifting, but most people recognize the strategic transitions only after they are finished. They see the Czar and his family getting murdered, but not—until some years later—the fact that the Bolshevik conquest of power has changed the world. Even Winston Churchill, who understood so well *after* 1934, dismissed Hitler before then as a mountebank. Still, there are usually a few who see: as Trotsky saw in the case of Germany, and wrote what he saw in a series of brilliant, prophetic and unread strategic monographs; as Jules Monnerot and a few others believe they see in the case of France today, and are writing in brilliant, possibly prophetic and also unread brochures.

I am inclined to agree that France is now the international strategic fulcrum, as Russia, Germany and China have been before her in our time. The tactical razzle-dazzle—the OAS terror, de Gaulle's Delphic Olympiads—serves to obscure the strategic essence. The crisis which came to the surface in Algeria is, *for the first time,* forcing a significant sector of the Western elite to confront the full meaning of the struggle for the world. For the first time, not just isolated individuals but an appreciable number of persons are discussing serious counter-strategies to the Communist project for world conquest. And for the first time, there has been a serious movement of resistance to a Western capitulation. No preceding Western capitulation—Mao's sweep, Indochina, the East German uprising, Hungary, Suez, Tibet, Cuba, Goa. wherever—evoked a serious movement of resistance: seriousness meaning, of course, in such matters, the willingness to die.

France today is standing like Matthew Arnold at Dover Beach, between two worlds, one dead, the other (to depart from Arnold's image) striving to be born—"where ignorant armies clash at night." Charles de Gaulle is the supreme living example of the dead world—the pre-World War I epoch. He is the best, the ablest, the grandest of his kind. Yet it is de Gaulle's policies that are pushing France, Europe and the West toward catastrophe: toward the atomization of the French social structure, the outflanking of Europe from the south, the blocking of effective European and Western integration, the disruption of the Western alliance, the subordination of the European peninsula to the Eurasian land mass under an illusory "from the Atlantic to the Urals" formula. It is this paradox—the best leader, the worst policies—that displays the crucial role of France now. The policies are doomed not because of any defect of leadership, but because they are fruits of the dead world, because they are derived from ideas, categories, axioms that no longer hold for the real world of the present and future.

Beyond the Secret Army

The resistance to these policies and their consequences crystallized around the issue of Algeria, and has taken a spectacular outward form in the OAS operations. But Algeria is only the occasion, and the OAS is only one mode of active resistance—in part merely local and temporary, expressing the despair of the *pieds noirs* at the loss of their homes. The continuing French crisis of the past fifteen months—four years, if we date it from the end of the Fourth Republic—has compelled more and more persons to look more and more widely beyond Algeria into the world conflict as a whole. Some of these are in the OAS—men like Antoine Argoud, or such officers as some of those described in Jean Lartéguy's remarkable novel, *The Centurions*; but many others—Jacques Soustelle, Georges Bidault, Pierre Boutang, Jules Monnerot, Marshal Juin, Louis Variés and many indeed who are not French—have no formal relation with the OAS, and many even oppose it.

These "resistants" are being driven by the crisis toward a more or less uniform strategic outlook, based on: the reality of the Communist drive for world power; the need for continuous and total counter-action in all fields, by all appropriate methods; the necessity for basing counter-action on a developing integration of the West, expanding from the reality of NATO into an "Atlantic world" analogous to the "Mediterranean world" that was the high point of past history; the subordination of all operations in the peripheral areas (Southeast Asia, Africa, Latin America) to the decisive struggle against the Communist enterprise. . . .

The OAS as it has so far existed will no doubt disappear. There may be a local Algerian truce for a while between the *pieds noirs* and the FLN. But it does not seem likely that the deeper crisis will subside so easily. No matter what the shifts in tactical scenery during the months ahead, we will do well to keep a close eye on France.

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What About the New Farm Bill?

If you'll just pay attention and read carefully, you, too, will understand how the Administration plans to straighten out the farm muddle

ROBERT HANEY SCOTT

Question: Mr. President, would you describe the present situation in agriculture?

Answer: Well, I'll be very glad to discuss this problem. You see, "Early in this century there was a serious question whether agriculture could . . . continue to meet the food and fiber demands of a growing population. . . Public policy emphasized resource conservation and investment, and publicly supported research and education were designed to speed progress in agricultural productivity. By the mid-1920s these efforts began to bring dramatic results. Agricultural productivity began to rise and farm employment began to decline. . . But in the 1950s, agriculture felt the full effects of earlier programs to raise productivity. Farm output increased by more than one-fourth while use of labor declined by one-third."

Question: My, this dramatic development certainly speaks well for our programs—I suppose that this means you'll call for strengthening them and perhaps using them in other areas as well?

Answer: No, you see, we want to stop this trend because . . . "the drift toward a chaotic, inefficient, surplus-ridden farm economy, though halted last year, will resume unless prompt action is taken . . . new problems have developed in commodities not covered by the 1961 legislation. Unanticipated changes in consumer demand have produced still further surpluses."

Question: Uh huh. You mean people are buying less of some commodities?

Answer: Precisely.

Question: Any in particular?

Answer: Yes. Milk for one. "Incomes of dairy farmers were improved by the bill passed by Congress late in 1960 to increase the support price for milk from $3.06 to $3.22 per hundred pounds and by the increase in the support price last March to $3.40 per hundred pounds for the current marketing year. . . Unfortunately, milk producers now face a serious setback. An unexpected decline in the consumption of milk during the past year, amounting to nearly 3,000,000,000 pounds, will result in government expenditures of approximately $500,000,000.00 to support the prices of dairy products."

Question: How dreadful! I suppose your plan then is to lower the support price back to the old $3.06 level and reverse this situation—get that consumption back up and reduce those tax expenditures in line with your over-all "economy" program?

Answer: As a matter of fact, just the opposite. You see, "Under the present law, the Secretary of Agriculture is not authorized to set the price support rate for milk above 75 per cent of parity. . . New legislation to correct the shortcomings of the present dairy price support laws is, therefore, urgently required. . . I recommend passage by the Congress of legislation which will . . . maintain the income of the dairy farmers by establishing support prices of up to 90 per cent of parity under the supply management program."

Question: You mean raise prices further?

Answer: Yes.

Question: OK. Well, I'm not sure I understand that—but you mentioned a supply management program. . .

Answer: Yes, "This is a program for maximum freedom and flexibility in the operation of individual farm enterprises."

Question: How does it work?

Answer: "Each milk producer would be assigned a marketing base equal to his marketing of milk in 1961." In the case of feed grains, "This can be accomplished by establishing a mandatory acreage allotment on all feed grains large enough to meet annual domestic and export

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requirements." In the case of wheat, "to achieve these objectives, national wheat acreage allotments will be established. . . The Secretary of Agriculture will have authority to make payments, which will help to maintain producers' incomes, for mandatory diversion of acreage from wheat. . ."

Question: But do the farmers want the mandatory programs?

Answer: "The new commodity programs recommended could become effective only after they are approved democratically by a two-thirds majority in a producer referendum. Producers of cotton, tobacco, rice, peanuts and wheat have long followed this procedure of choosing jointly to exert a measure of control over the production and marketing of their crops."

Question: What will happen if the farmers vote against this program?

Answer: "Four independent studies . . . show how sharp would be the drop in farm prices and farm income if farm programs were abandoned." So I would expect they would approve the programs.

Question: This means then that farmers as a group will control production with the help of the Department of Agriculture?

Answer: Yes, . . . "Just as industry groups exercise control over the product of their labor and investment. This democratic procedure can also be extended to other farm commodities."

Question: Have you informed the anti-trust division of the Attorney General's office about other industry groups exercising this type of control through a democratic process?

Answer: Well, you see it's different in agriculture. We cannot let prices drop because, "Historically, lower prices have been met by increased output."

Question: Now I understand. If lower prices lead to higher output, then by setting *high* price supports, output will *fall* and this will solve the surplus problem that has become such a burden to the taxpayer.

Answer: Not exactly. Instead, ". . . failure to control production effectively has dissipated some of our potential gains to both farmers and consumers by drawing prime resources into the production and storage of surplus commodities."

Question: You mean output has been stimulated by high price supports?

Answer: Yes.

Question: But you just said—Oh, well—uh—never mind. My time is nearly up, so could you please mention the goals of the proposed program?

Answer: Certainly. "First, we seek to enable efficient farm operations to earn incomes equivalent to those earned in comparable non-farm occupations."

Question: Well, this should certainly encourage farmers to remain on the farm so that America will retain a strong segment of the population with farming as a way of life. Farmers have always been the country's backbone.

Answer: On the contrary, we hope to encourage emigration from the farm. "Farm children, and many farm adults as well, need improved opportunities for education and training, to equip them to earn an American standard of living in whatever occupation they freely choose to follow."

Question: Very — uh — interesting. One last question. You mentioned that "the commodity programs . . . were designed primarily to meet the emergencies of depression and war." Now that the emergencies are over *the programs you propose must look* forward to their own gradual abandonment.

Answer: On the contrary, "Rice, peanuts, and tobacco already enjoy well balanced programs whose principles can be extended to [these] other crops. . . That is the purpose of the approach I have outlined—a comprehensive, long-range program to replace the present patchwork of short-run emergency measures."

Question: It's—uh—all quite clear —uh—now. Thank you, Sir.

(*Author's note:* All of the quotations above were taken directly from President Kennedy's message to Congress on agriculture as published in the *New York Times*, Thursday, February 1, 1962, p. 14.)

A Recent Conversion

W. H. VON DREELE

One of the most interesting developments in the new and buoyant Western Europe is that the Socialist parties in Germany, France, Italy and Great Britain are finding that traditional socialist doctrine has become largely irrelevant. —WALTER LIPPMANN

Dear Mr. Lippmann:
May I say
It's wonderful you feel this way?
Though David Lawrence *did* define
This change, in 1949,
It's crucial what *your* columns say,
Since yours are read by JFK.
Before I close, may I suggest
Some other areas to test?
It might be useful to begin
Reviewing things in West Berlin.
Katanga's lovely in July,
And Laos—when the weather's dry.
Havana's worth another glance,
And ditto for de Gaullist France.
Once you and I are in accord,
I hope you'll signal *Jack* aboard
And get the country turned uphill.
My best to David Schoenbrun,
Bill

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Nuts, That Is

Big Snoop over in Agriculture wanted to know how many filberts there were in a filbert nut tree. The ensuing countdown put Canaveral to shame!

W. C. HANNA

My wife, who is a very intelligent person, maintains that people who raise nuts, are. The only trouble with my wife's theory is that she doesn't take in enough territory. I claim that everyone connected with the nut industry is more than slightly off balance. Like this business of the government counting filberts.

A few years ago I received a letter from the Department of Agriculture saying that they were starting a program to forecast the size of the filbert crop, that my orchard was one of three hundred in the state selected to take part in the program, and would I cooperate? At the time I couldn't see why the government would want to waste any money trying to predict the size of the filbert crop. After all, it only amounts to about 10,000 tons a year, an amount that is insignificant when compared to the amount imported, and comes only from the Willamette Valley in Oregon and the adjoining part of Washington. But if they wanted to do it, that was their business; so, in a weak moment, I said I'd cooperate.

Official Survey

Months went past and I heard no more from them, when one day a car with an imposing-looking ladder tied on top of it stopped at the house, and a boy in his late teens slowly and deliberately got out. He was about as broad as he was tall, and his face was as round and red as an Edam cheese, and had just about as much expression. He was big enough to eat hay and pull wagons.

"Mr. Pinkham sent me out to count your filberts," he announced.

"Mr. Pinkham? Who's Mr. Pinkham?" I had forgotten all about the crop estimate deal, and didn't grasp what it was all about.

"Mr. Pinkham is head of the Crop Estimate Division in Portland."

Then I remembered. "Oh, sure, I get it now. Well, there's the orchard, 650 trees, give or take a dozen or so. Go right ahead."

There was a long silence as he thought this over. It was apparent that he wasn't going to be rushed into anything. "Mr. Pinkham didn't say to do it that way. He said for me to count the nuts on *three* trees."

"Okay if you want to do it that way. Well, these three trees right down here look good. Nice and convenient."

He shook his head solemnly. "Oh, I can't just take *any* three trees. Mr. Pinkham gave me a chart to show which trees to take."

"Well, good for Mr. Pinkham!"

"Yes, sir." He took a paper from his pocket, unfolded it and peered at it with great concentration. Finally, "I'm to start at the southeast corner of the orchard." Another long pause. "Which way is north?" I pointed it out to him. More study. Then he folded up the paper carefully, put it in his pocket, picked up his ladder and a bucket of paint, and started briskly off, headed west.

"Here, you're not headed east," I said. "You're going west." He carefully put down the ladder and paint, unfolded the paper, and pored over it again.

"Mr. Pinkham's chart says the right hand side of the paper is east," he announced, and started to fold up the paper again.

"But you had the top of the paper facing south," I explained.

"Mr. Pinkham didn't say anything about how the paper was pointed."

I carefully turned him around so the paper was oriented properly. "Now, what does it say?"

"It still says the right hand side of the paper is east."

"Okay, I give up. You take it from here."

This time he started off in the right direction, so I went back to whatever it was I had been doing, hoping he'd find the southeast corner of the orchard, but not willing to bet he'd succeed. I made a mental note,

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though, that if I didn't hear from him in a reasonable time, I'd start a safari out after him.

Well, I didn't hear from him, so I finally went down to see what was going on. I found that he had selected three trees, painted a yellow stripe around their trunks, and was looking mournfully at one of them.

"How come all the yellow stripes?" I asked.

"Mr. Pinkham said to mark the trees so when we count the nuts again we'll be sure to get the same trees."

"You mean you're really going to do this *again*?"

"Mr. Pinkham says so. Next year, too."

"He's certainly a persistent little rascal, isn't he?"

He looked disapprovingly at me. "Mr. Pinkham isn't little." I thought I'd better change the subject. "Got them all counted already?" I asked.

He didn't answer my question, but looked at me accusingly. "This tree has *eight* main limbs," he said.

"Is that bad?"

"Mr. Pinkham says filbert trees have five main limbs. He said I was to count the nuts on one of the limbs. Then he'd multiply it by five to find out how many were on the tree."

"That seems logical. Why don't you do it?"

"But this tree has eight limbs."

"Now listen, I'm not going to cut off three of the limbs just to please Mr. Pinkham. Why don't you count all the nuts on the tree, and then divide it by five and make Mr. Pinkham really happy?"

After considerable soul-searching and mental effort, he finally decided to count the nuts on two of the limbs. When I pointed out that two limbs would be a fourth of the tree, not a fifth, he seemed startled, but insisted that Mr. Pinkham would know what to do about it. So he set up his ladder, took a pencil and pad of forms out of his pocket, and vanished into the tree. I went back to the house.

When I came back some time later, he was just coming down out of the tree, notebook, pencil, and all, with a very satisfied look on his face. He showed me the results of his work. There it was, all nicely set down; so many clusters with one nut in a cluster, so many with two nuts in the cluster, on up to a few clusters with seven or eight nuts in the cluster. It all seemed rather silly to me.

"What difference does it make whether a nut was in a cluster with four or five other nuts, or not?" I asked. "After they're ripe and fall down on the ground, who can tell one nut from another?"

"Mr. Pinkham says it makes a difference."

"Well, how about this first column, nuts with one nut in a cluster? Heck, one nut doesn't make a cluster!"

"Mr. Pinkham says it does."

The Law of Averages

I gave up, so he picked up his ladder and started for the second tree. Now, for those very fortunate individuals who know nothing about raising filberts, I must explain that in order to get a satisfactory crop, two different varieties must be planted. In addition to the principal variety some other variety must be interplanted to act as pollenizer, and in most cases one-ninth of the trees are pollenizers. In my orchard the pollenizers are Hall's Giants, a fine variety so far as appearance and eating qualities are concerned, but unfortunately, on my land at least, a miserable producer. Most years they yield only a handful or so of nuts. So, when the filbert counter started toward the tree, I stopped him.

"Here, that tree is a pollenizer," I said. "It's a Hall's Giant, and it won't produce enough nuts to keep a chipmunk alive for a week."

"It won't?"

"It won't, and if you count it, it'll throw your estimate clear off."

This called for great mental agitation, while he tried to scratch his head while carrying the ladder in one hand, and the paint bucket, notebook and pencil, in the other. He couldn't make it, so he put all of his equipment down, and scratched his head. At last, "Mr. Pinkham knows all about pollenizers."

"He does?"

"Yes." He set up his ladder and vanished up into the tree. Finally, he poked his head out through the branches and peered owlishly down at me. "Mr. Pinkham said to count the pollenizers anyway. He said they'd average up all right." He withdrew his head into the foliage.

"You tell Mr. Pinkham that averages are sometimes worse liars than liars are."

His head popped out from the leaves again. "They are?"

"They sure are. Like the Army Quartermaster who averaged the size of all the shoes he'd issued the year before and found that the average soldier wore a size 9D, so all the shoes he bought the next year were size 9D. Millions of pairs of them."

He continued peering down at me while he figured this one out. "I wear 12C," he said smugly, and withdrew his head again.

I tried it once more. "Or about the ten little girls," I said.

Out popped his head. "What girls?"

"It was printed in the *Reader's Digest*. Don't you read the *Digest*?"

"I don't read *any* magazines."

"I can believe that. Well, it seems that there were ten high school girls. One of them was a virgin, and the other nine were pregnant." It didn't seem possible, but his face grew redder than nature had already made it. "Now, if you average them up, the girl who is a virgin is 90 per cent pregnant, and all of the pregnant girls are 10 per cent virgin."

Another long, long silence. "Mr. Pinkham didn't say anything about girls. He said to count filberts." His head vanished, to reappear shortly. "Besides, they all probably went to West Linn High School." More thought. "I went to Oregon City High." He vanished again, and so did I. I gave it up and went back up to the house.

When I told my wife about it, she looked at me thoughtfully and asked, "By the way, where do they get the money to pay men to count filberts?"

"Oh, it's included in the money Congress appropriates for the Department of Agriculture, I suppose."

"And where does Congress get the money?"

"Why, from taxes, of course. What in the world are you driving at?"

"How much higher were our taxes this year than last year?" I glared at her, as an unpleasant light began to dawn on me. "You know," she said, "people who raise . . ."

But I had already hurriedly gone out, and closed the door after me.

Yes, the government is still paying men to count filberts. But not in *my* orchard.

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Nasser's Arab Socialism

In a decade of economic improvisation, Nasser has destroyed the old Egypt, and with it those forces he desperately needs to keep his new Egypt afloat

CARL LEIDEN

Like a dark stain spreading across the Arab countries and their peoples, lies a contemporary flirtation with radicalism. It is not Communism which *per se* has been relatively unsuccessful in the Middle East, with exceptions of course, mostly because Middle Eastern political leaders have objected to the competition from Communist parties and have consequently often driven them underground while at the same time stealing their slogans.

This is what Abdul Nasser of Egypt has done in evolving a system which he calls "Arab Socialism." No one has been more active in the past decade in putting local Communist organizations in their place and no one has been more successful in carrying on friendly affairs with international Communism and the Communist countries. Furthermore no one has purloined more radical slogans and no one in the Middle East has been more energetic in building a new socialist society, the "Arab socialist" society, than the president of the United Arab Republic. And finally, it might be added, no one has been more applauded from time to time in the West for his "reasonableness," "moderation," "democratic proclivities" or what have you.

Seizure of Property

What Nasser himself conceives socialism to be is confused in his mind as it must be to those who labor through his speeches and statements. Nevertheless, as he reiterated in a marathon five-hour-speech on May 21, he imagines his goal in Egypt and for the Arab world in general to be "socialism"—with all its semantic uncertainties—qualified in some vague way by the adjective "Arab." Whatever it is it will, he asserts publicly and confidently, be the panacea for all difficulties, economic or otherwise. The real measure of what is meant by socialism to Nasser is to note what he has in practice attempted to do in Egypt.

First of all he has set about confiscating or nationalizing as much foreign property as possible. The big seizure of the Suez Canal gave him confidence and the abortive French and British attempt to get it back gave him the opportunity to sequester other French and British property in Egypt. Such property ranged from banks, business enterprises, schools, hospitals and real estate to the shops of small merchants. It is true that some of this property has been released but never without a *quid pro quo*. And the things that Nasser desired were never returned. The recent release of a French mission for property settlement, charged with conspiring to assassinate Nasser, offers startling proof of the economic motive in so much of what the Egyptian government does. When the French mission was originally seized a few months ago, any hopes of obtaining compensation for some of the sequestered French property were also shattered. Then suddenly in early April the entire mission, including those Egyptians seized with it, was released—which suggests that the whole thing was a farce.

When Lumumba was killed in the Congo in 1960 the Egyptian Government hurriedly but happily seized Belgian property interests. No doubt if the Dutch hesitate to hand over New Guinea to Indonesia, Nasser will find it convenient to take over Dutch property in Egypt.

But, unfortunately for Egyptian socialism, there has not been enough foreign property to guarantee a healthy economy to the governmental apparatus that seized it. The greatest entrepreneurs have been Muslim or Coptic Egyptians. The next step logically was to seize their property too. And this Nasser accomplished in the summer and fall of 1961. He seized it on the theory that if a man or family has large property interests they must perforce have been acquired by exploiting the Egyptian people. Altogether over 3,000 companies have been confiscated in Egypt in the last months. They are all herded together in what is called the Economic Development Organization, but it has not been easy for Nasser and his "young officers" to run them. Indeed, in many cases the former owners have been asked, out of patriotism, to return temporarily to show the government how to operate their former businesses.

In addition to the seizure of industrial and commercial property Nasser has taken over a great deal of the agricultural land owned by what he has termed the "great landowners." (A great landowner is now defined as one who owns more than 100 acres of agricultural land.) The great land reform has not been what it was purported to be, however. In most cases peasants have tilled the same land that they tilled before, with the same implements and with the same rewards. Their "rents" now are designated as "taxes" and repayment of "mortgages." But more important, Nasser has recognized the inability of the small landowner, with his two or three acres, to contribute very efficiently to the national income so he has adopted the "agricultural cooperative," or in other words, the collective farm as his solution to the agricultural problem. The government has made great efforts to get these collective farms going; the latest political attempt has been the suggestion that the vote shall be apportioned mainly to members of agricultural cooperatives.

It is one thing to seize; it is quite another to run an economy. Moreover, the psychological shock value,

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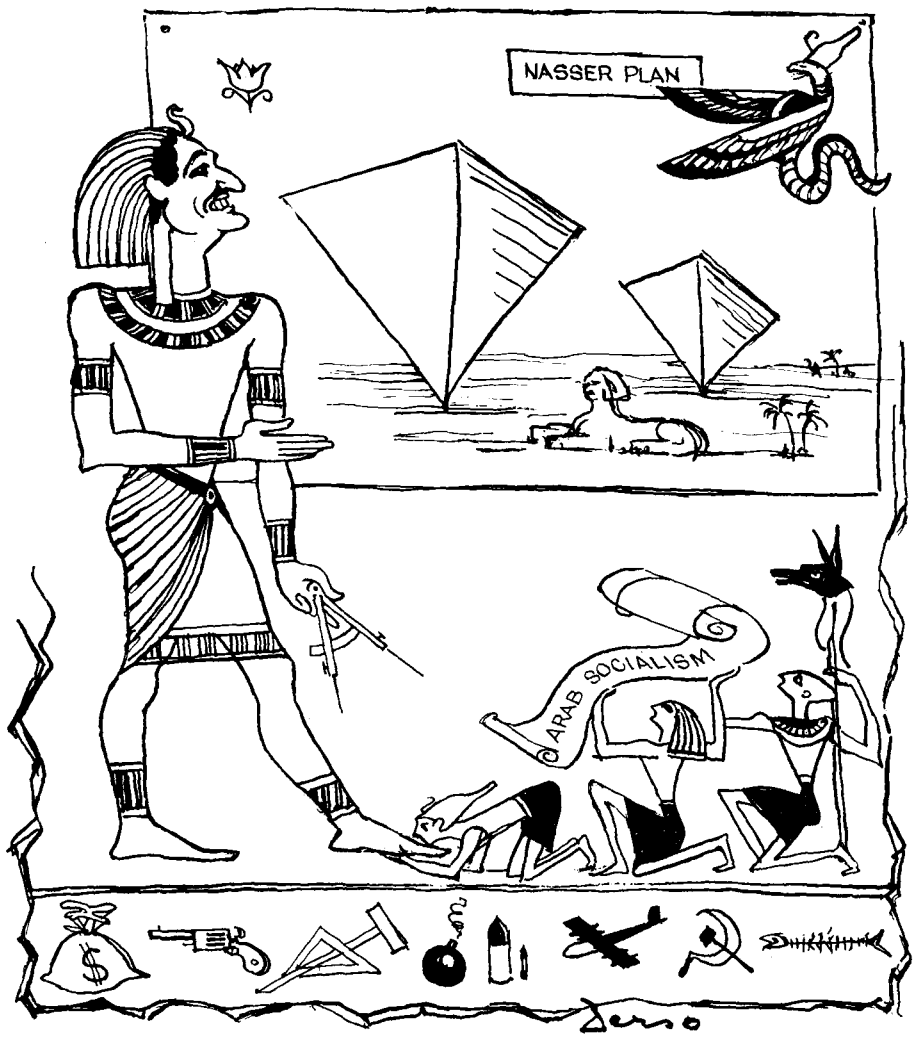
or propaganda value, of each of these moves wore off rapidly with the very people that Nasser is so anxious to placate: the peasantry and poor city dwellers. He soon responded with further "socialistic" decrees. No individual was to own more than 10,000 Egyptian pounds (about $13,000) of any business enterprise. (This has recently been rescinded. The truth of the matter was that most Egyptians who possessed £10,000 weren't anxious to put it into any Egyptian enterprise. Instead they usually sought to convert it into property abroad.) The industrial workers were to receive at least 25 per cent of the annual profits of their companies. This might mean anything since it is up to the government to decide when a profit has been made and then how much it has been. But this was a popular sop to the worker and it had a big impact all over Egypt among those to whom Nasser has always directed his appeals.

But this was not all. Workers were to be represented on the board of directors of every enterprise. Since most companies were under the control of the government anyway this "representation" of the workers was simply another propaganda sop that gave them no real power.



Nasser's Mentor

Nasser's Arab socialism operates without benefit of political parties. All Egyptians are supposed to support a sort of monolithic ideological association, whose names and slogans are changed periodically to meet the uncertainties of Nasser's developmental thinking. The press has been confiscated and each issue of every newspaper is a weary repetition of the virtues of Nasser or Arab socialism. Arrests, often for trivial reasons, have taken place with increasing frequency. And the trials themselves have become increasingly administrative in character rather than judicial. Some authoritarian characteristics have been inherited from the old regime—mail censorship, an inefficient secret police and the identity card. These nuisances fit well with the philosophy of Arab socialism.

But where did Nasser get his ideas on socialism? In all probability he finds his inspiration in Yugoslavia, and in his friend Tito who is a past master of deriving the maximum number of benefits from lukewarm friendship with all sides in the Cold War. In this Nasser is perfectly willing to become the student, while unwilling to give credit to foreign inspiration for whatever he is doing in Egypt or in the Arab world. He claims that his ideas about socialism have resulted from long and hard thinking, communion with God and soul-searching. He may find it convenient to flirt with international Communism and to accept its accolades and assistance but he is not willing to substitute its hegemony for his hard-won domain.

Nonetheless, it would be inaccurate to suggest that Egypt is moving in any other direction than the extreme left and it is wishful thinking on the part of those who suggest otherwise. Still there are many who do think in this fashion, including no doubt a goodly percentage of those who officially represent the United States in Egypt. Thus a former press officer for the United States Embassy in Cairo, writing in *Harper's* recently, suggests that the West, formerly suspicious of Nasser, now respects his "genuine neutralism" and recognizes that his overthrow "would mean an upheaval in the Middle East that would make its previous instability seem mild by comparison." Nasser has made tangible progress, the author suggests, on reforms that will help feed the hungry peasantry of Egypt; "somehow one feels that in the years to come a less wretched Egypt will look back and thank God that Nasser was a dreamer."

Of course, to give the devil his due, Nasser and his colleagues are not all bad. Indeed, something had to be done in the Egypt of the fifties just as rather imperatively something has to be done there now. The most charitable interpretation of Nasser's actions is that he has acted in sincerity and honesty but also in ignorance. The Middle East has survived the eclipse of many an indispensable figure, such as Nuri al-Said of Iraq

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or King Abdulla of Jordan. No doubt it could survive Nasser's fall as well.

What Nasser has done is to gamble his place in history and the future of Egypt on the assumption that a Titoist Communism—call it Arab socialism—will dissolve the effects of extreme poverty, an over-generous birthrate and a cultural backwardness. He is a man of action, he says, a simple soldier who knows only the direct approach. And so it is action only that counts: rough violent action, careless of what it strikes, indifferent to the pleas of the past or of moderation.

Discarded Skills

It has not been an intelligent gamble. He has destroyed every source of indigenous capital, except that of the government—and because his activities have sapped the strength of the Egyptian pound internationally, the government contribution too has been weakened—and has created an atmosphere in which foreign capital is well advised to stay away. He has compromised his reservoir of talent. Egypt today is known throughout the Middle East as the land of the "intellectually unemployed." Policy still depends on the old tired minds of the "young officers." Moreover, the Egyptian entrepreneurs represent his only repository of administrative and organizational skills, since foreigners have either been expelled or discouraged from entering Egypt. This body of skills, too, has to a great degree been rejected and discarded.

The final measure of all this, from his point of view, is whether the status of the lowest economic classes has been appreciably raised by his efforts. Economically the agricultural peasant exists on about the same level as he did under Farouk, or under Mohammed Ali, a century and a third ago, or for that matter, under Cleopatra. It is only accurate to say that politically he is somewhat more protected under Nasser than under preceding regimes. But the simple reason is that Nasser has made the poorest classes his bulwark of political safety. The shouting, milling mobs of Nasser are drawn from the agricultural peasantry and the impoverished urban dwellers. It is to these he addresses his pleas, his arguments and his promises.

The tragedy is that there is no turning back. Millions of Egyptians have lived like animals for centuries. Once aroused, they will continue to demand those things that will prolong the contemporary political and economic chaos. Until the ravages of overpopulation are met, literally nothing can be done that will solve the basic economic problems of Egypt. Nasser's socialism left to itself is rather inexorably doomed to failure. But he has made his task much greater by ruthlessly extinguishing what drives, energies and abilities the old Egypt had. Neither he nor his followers realize that he has already failed, as they play out the game that can lead only to disaster.

Canada's Election

DONALD COXE

Toronto. In spite of what some Liberal writers have said about the election in Canada last week, which gave no party a clear majority, conservatives have reason for mild revelry. An offbeat right-wing party emerged with the balance of power, Prime Minister John Diefenbaker's muddling middle-of-the-road Tories (atavistically named "the Conservative Party") failed to obtain a working majority, and Medicare proved pure poison for the socialist New Democrats.

The grinning ghost of banker James Coyne was around to haunt his Tory tormentors [*NR*, Nov. 18, 1961]. His ousting as Governor of the Bank of Canada last summer had dramatically focused attention on Diefenbaker's financial management. When the dollar was officially devalued at the start of the election campaign, the fear became pandemic that the Canadian economy might be going down the drain. Since this issue was discussed more frequently by urban than by rural voters, the Tories won only ten seats out of the 56 allotted to the six biggest cities.

Neither the Liberal nor the New Democratic party was able to capitalize fully on the widespread disenchantment with deficits and drift. In addition, the farm vote had been brazenly bought by massive wheat sales to Red China and swollen subsidies. The New Democratic Party made the Saskatchewan socialist Medicare plan its central issue. Hate campaigns against bankers and American generals are one thing, but vilification of family doctors and open arrogance about "bringing them to heal" is quite another. NDP leader Tommy Douglas discovered that there were limits to public gullibility and was decisively trounced in his home town riding. The NDP was damaged across Canada by its indecorous fight; all NDP candidates in Quebec did so badly that they lost their deposits; only 19 were elected nationally, all from urban ridings. The NDP effort to unite farmers and labor failed. It proves to be a narrow labor party.

The Liberals and NDP both based much of their attack on the Diefenbaker government on unemployment, which was characterized daily as being of crisis proportion. Four days before election new figures were released to show that unemployment had dropped spectacularly.

In the long run the most significant development may prove to have been the rise of the Social Credit Party. Although its leader, Robert Thompson, delivered only four western seats, deputy leader Real Caouette set Quebec ablaze with fiery denunciations of socialism, and elected 26 French-speaking members. Social Credit is definitely opposed to budget deficits and is strongly anti-Communist, but beyond that its policy is garbled. Social Credit economics, based on the writings of Major C. H. Douglas, smacks more of mysticism than conservatism; but there may be occasion for hope.

So Canada, bleeding from unstaunched deficits and repatriation of foreign investments, faces a period of minority government by a party that has increased the handouts to flood proportions. At the close of the campaign, Mr. Diefenbaker indicated that he may finally have learned that unending spending is not the sure road to progress. Forced to rely for support on Social Crediters, the Tories may have to pay more than lip service to the enduring verities.

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Special Report

Mr. Kennedy's Old Clichés

HENRY HAZLITT

What is most disheartening about Mr. Kennedy's speech at Yale is the renewed evidence it gave of his inability to admit that it is possible for him to err. He talked of "truisms and stereotypes," "stale phrases" and "myths," "illusion and platitude," "traditional labels and worn-out slogans," "incantations from the forgotten past," and "old clichés." By myths and worn-out slogans he meant the opinions and phrases of those who disagreed with him. It was *they* who were trying to "engage in the wrong argument at the wrong time, between the wrong people in the wrong country." *He* is only interested in "the *real* problems of our times." What *he* wants is "not labels and clichés but more basic discussion of the sophisticated and technical questions involved."

He listed the three great questions that needed discussion as "First . . . the size and shape of government's responsibilities; secondly, the question of public fiscal policy; and thirdly, the matter of confidence."

Let us see how sophisticated, impartial, fresh and enlightening his own answers were.

"The myth is that government is big, and bad—and steadily getting bigger and worse." Myth? The Federal Government now spends some $115 billion a year compared with $2 billion thirty years ago. There are now some 2,500,000 civilian employees on the federal payroll. There are now well over 2,000 different functioning agencies, bureaus and departments.

Concerning fiscal policy, Mr. Kennedy finds that "the myths are legion." He suggests that we oughtn't to think merely of "the conventional, or administrative budget" but should also consider "our special trust funds." Let's do that. In the fiscal year just closed, conventional budget receipts were $82 billion and conventional budget expenditures $89 billion, making a thumping deficit of $7 billion. When we add trust fund operations we find that fiscal 1962's receipts were $102.6 billion and expenditures $111.1 billion, bringing the total 1962 deficit to $8.5 billion. More reassuring?

"The myth persists," Mr. Kennedy continues, "that federal deficits create inflation and budget surpluses prevent it." He calls for "a more sophisticated view than the cliché that deficits are inflationary." Perhaps the reason this has become a cliché, in Old Frontier circles, is that it is true. But the President does have a minor point. A budget deficit would not be inflationary if it were paid for by bonds bought by the public from real savings, instead of by government IOU's stuffed into banks. Also, it is possible to have inflation even with a budget surplus—if we continue to increase the paper-money supply. The belief that budget deficits are the direct and only cause of inflation is an oversimplified view, but not a bad general guide. It is no coincidence that we have had 25 deficits in the last 31 years and inflation practically all through that period.

Confidence Undermined

Concerning confidence, Mr. Kennedy's prepared text (in a paragraph omitted from his spoken speech) contemptuously implied that business was engaged in "a neurotic search for unending reassurance." He made no reference to his press conference of April 11, in which he denounced the steel price increase as a "wholly unjustifiable and irresponsible defiance of the public interest"; or to the threats that accompanied it; or to his double-standard for wages and prices (3 per cent annual wage boosts with price freezes); or to proposals for discriminatory taxation of American business abroad; or to scores of Administration proposals calculated to undermine business confidence. Instead he talked as if all criticism of his policies were inspired purely by political partisanship or personal dislike. Would it not have been wiser to ask himself whether, after all, there might not be *some* truth and sincerity in the criticism of his policies, and whether it might not be a good idea to re-examine some of them?

Is it, after all, even good politics to dismiss all criticism as myth, illusion and old clichés? Every time Mr. Kennedy or a member of his Administration makes such a speech, confidence falls further. What is likely to be the state of the economy, if this goes on, by November? And how will that affect the elections? Isn't it rash, for one who is repeating all the stale myths and slogans of the New Deal, to refer to "old records, long-playing, left over from the middle thirties?"

Toward the end of his speech at Yale the President declared: "The national interest lies in high employment and steady expansion of output and stable prices and a strong dollar." Then why not try to achieve these goals? Why not remember that employment is provided by employers; that employers lack either incentive or means to increase employment if their wage-costs are pushed up while their prices are held down and their profits inordinately taxed? Why not remember that steady expansion of output can come only from new investment, and that new investment requires both encouragement to savings and a favorable outlook for profit margins? Why not remember, finally, that budget deficits do create inflation, that constant wage-cost increases do make it harder to compete and sell abroad, and that the policies that bring these results are precisely the ones that most endanger stable prices and confidence in the dollar?

Mr. Kennedy still pays occasional lip-service to a "free-economy." But it is obvious from practically every speech and proposal he makes that he does not believe in or understand a really free economy. "How are we to set our interest rates?" he asks. "How can we share the benefits and burdens of technical progress?" etc. It never occurs to him that these are problems that only a free market can solve—not he or Walter Heller or any government official issuing commands. That way lies economic uncertainty, disruption, and probable disaster.

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From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

Neurosis and Ideology

Dr. Harold Lasswell and his school endeavor to attribute all political behavior except their own to neuroses—mental sickness. Certainly there is a great deal of oddity in modern practical politics; but the neurosis-hypothesis leaves out of account the power of ideology. Far from being identical with political philosophy, "ideology" means political religion, promising the Terrestrial Paradise through fanatic adherence to political dogmas. Both neurosis and ideology do much mischief to modern civil social orders.

Kirk

However this may be, certainly the American campus today endures both neurotic and ideologically-driven students. The former, doubtless, are the more numerous. In politics, the neurotic—that is, the person afflicted by serious contradictions and disturbances in personality—commonly diverts his private unrest into the channels of political action. Vaguely rebellious against his own being, he labors under the delusion that if only he knocks the props from under society, somehow his personal troubles will be solved. He may or may not develop into an ideologue.

Though some ideologues are neurotics—and certainly neurotics or even men thoroughly mad provide the hysterical enthusiasts of ideological revolutions—there exists no necessary link between ideological passion and neurotic character. An ideologue may be sane and even well enough balanced in everything but his politics. As old John Adams put it, ideology is the science of idiocy; and so a man who takes up crazy politics presently may become extremely odd, from contagion, in other ways. The fundamental error of the ideologue is his assumption that all the ills to which flesh is heir may be remedied by relatively simple changes in social institutions. He mistakes politics for the whole of life; and presently radical politics does become the whole of *his* life—which makes him less human than he ought to be.

Muddled Rebels

Every professor knows the neurotic student. Dr. Jacques Barzun, in *The House of Intellect,* suggests that pampering of the young produces meaningless resentment and rebellion, rather than happiness: it encourages one type of neurosis. Wretchedly and "progressively" schooled, too many young people seek—consciously or unconsciously—to destroy the culture which nurtured them too tenderly. And because a high proportion of these muddled and soft rebels without a cause fancy themselves intelligent, and are thought bright by their fond parents, many enroll in college. Mr. Barzun describes the resulting mood:

> Nowadays . . . it is assumed that all attacks on culture are equal in virtue, and that attacking society, because it is society, is the one aim and test of genius. The young therefore enlist and fight, without asking of the ugly world they have inherited whether anybody ever received it fresh, perfect, and beautiful. Their intellect does not stretch so far as to criticize, with whatever *furor adolescentium;* it condemns, vaguely yet vehemently, as one would expect from the sentimental education they have received.

Such young Americans, Mr. Barzun likens to Smerdyakov, in *The Brothers Karamazov.* It is our Smerdyakovs, I think, who fill the ranks of the various radical student organizations on our campuses. Campus radicals today don't know what they want nor where they're going; indeed, they are grossly ignorant of the character of the principal ideologies of our time. Even the admirers of such groups confess that these students aren't thinkers: they're "actionists," happy to picket in order to evade the labor of thought or even of effectual organization. Measured by college grades, I am told, most of the CORE and SANE zealots on the campuses rank well toward the bottom of their classes. They lack both the Marxist resolution and the Marxist logic of a generation gone. More neurotic than ideological, they are not liable to exert much influence upon society once they leave college.

How ignorant and silly the radical clubs have become may be suggested by the fact that the Young Socialist Leagues at various colleges have been inviting hardened Communists to address them, from a hazy Popular Front notion of sympathy——which folly is anathema to knowing Socialists like Mr. Norman Thomas. At the University of Arizona, recently, the Young Democrats (!) distributed many copies of the Communist-line weekly *Guardian*—probably mistaking it for a mere pacifist sheet, when any informed student political leader ought to know that the *Nation* is true-blue Tory by the side of the *Guardian.*

In my peregrinations across the face of the land, I have encountered little neurosis among the members of the student conservative clubs; and the student conservatives commonly are uneasy at the antics of some older opponents of the mass state. And conservatism is the negation of ideology, since the conservative knows that the Earthly Paradise never will be attained by any means.

Here and there, true, one encounters devotees of Miss Ayn Rand. But often they are excluded from the conservative societies, and even if they are countenanced, rarely are there more than one or two such birds in a conservative club. Some exhibit the common symptoms of neurosis. Yet others are sound of personality: their trouble is that they simply don't realize how thoroughly opposed Ayn Rand is to the great traditions of our civilization. Reacting against a sentimental collectivism, they fall into the opposite pit of egoistic anarchism.

The tendency of our better students, nevertheless, is healthily away from neurosis and ideology. I think they will win their way to a tolerable degree of order and justice and freedom, if only we hold the line for them in this rough decade.

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Principles and Heresies

FRANK S. MEYER

New York Conservatives and the Two-Party System

Conservatives who have lived through the Liberal-directed deterioration of the Republican Party—signalized by the candidacies of Willkie, Dewey, Eisenhower and Nixon—face a serious dilemma. As conservatives, they respect the tradition of the American two-party system. Through most of our history it has served to mediate among groups and factions and to maintain the spirit of the Constitution. By presenting to the electorate broad choices, while modulating the irreconcilable passions of dogmatic ideology, it has enabled us to avoid the dangers of the multi-party structure of European politics, which magnifies those passions to a point where the possibility of effective constitutional government is foreclosed.

Meyer

On the one hand, therefore, American conservatives neither desire nor demand cleanly-wrought ideological parties; they are firm, principled supporters of the two-party system. But, on the other hand, when the leadership of the Republican Party for years strains every nerve to make it as close a carbon copy of the reconstructed Democratic Party of Franklin Roosevelt as it can force upon its Republican constituency, the insistent question arises as to whether what we have today is in actuality a two-party system.

The Basis of Party Loyalty

Although a two-party system has always existed in the United States, parties have been born and parties have died. They have died, as the Whigs died, when they ceased to reflect in any significant way—however unideologically, however broadly—any basic differences with the other party on major concerns of the people. The continued life of the Republican Party depends upon whether control of its destinies can be won by a leadership that reflects the conservative spirit animating the citizens who are the base of its support. There is nothing sacred about the Republican Party, nor is there even anything instrumentally good about it, unless it functions as a true alternative to the Democratic Party to constitute a real two-party system.

Clearly, the drive of conservatives to reassert their voice in the councils of the nation would be immensely facilitated if they could regain control of the Republican Party. That is why the sober judgment of conservatives has rejected the third-party road. But if that road is not to become the only possible road for conservatives, then they must fight with all their energies for the leadership of the Republican Party, even to the degree of punishing Liberal interlopers who succeed in securing Republican nominations.

The Conservative Party of New York State

The Republican Party deserves conservative loyalty only to the degree that it is conservative. The issue is simple and clear: a Republican Party conceived in the image of Taft, Knowland and Goldwater, deserves conservative loyalty; a Republican Party conceived in the image of Rockefeller and Javits, Romney and Nixon, has no more claim upon that loyalty than the Democratic Party of Roosevelt, Stevenson and Kennedy. This seems to be the understanding of the conservatives who rolled up 35 per cent of the California Republican vote for the comparatively unknown Joseph Shell against the established prestige and organization of Richard Nixon, and who have made known their determination to support Nixon in November only if he turns his back upon the fleshpots of accommodation to Liberalism.

It is upon these motivations, and in consideration of the special circumstances in the State of New York, that a representative group of New York conservatives (including two editors of NATIONAL REVIEW—William F. Rickenbacker and myself) has become members of the State Committee of the Conservative Party of New York. There is no desire in the minds of the leadership of this party to strike at the two-party system. But, in a state where there is no primary system and where the apparatus of the Republican Party is ruthlessly controlled by Nelson Rockefeller and Jacob Javits—in defiance of the sentiments of the great majority of Republican congressmen, state legislators, party workers and the rank and file of New York Republican voters—we have come soberly and thoughtfully to the conclusion that only by placing before the electorate conservative candidates for Governor and Senator, can conservative sentiment in New York be made articulate enough to rescue the Republican Party from Liberal domination and eventual desuetude.

Further, there is a special political situation in this state. A determined and organized left wing, first under the banner of the American Labor Party and then of the Liberal Party, has forced the Democratic Party to the Left (to such a degree, indeed, that many conservative Democrats are moving towards conservative organization). The pressure of the Democratic leadership's leftward motion has in turn moved the pusillanimous, and in any case Liberal-inclined, Republican leadership more and more to the Left. If the principles of conservatism are ever again to be presented to the voters of New York, if the Republican Party is to survive as a genuine component of a two-party system, the conservatives have no alternative to establishing an independent center for countering the Liberal momentum, and, by the pressure that center exerts, winning back the Republican Party of New York to conservatism.

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Sovereignty and Solvency

LOUIS M. HACKER

Just turned seventy, Broadus Mitchell has completed the second and final volume of his *Alexander Hamilton,* the first having been published in 1957. Thus ends ten years of research, study and reflection, which have taken him to Copenhagen and St. Croix and to every library and repository in the United States where relevant materials were to be found; in the process he has read everything about Hamilton, his contemporaries and his age. Some notion of his labors may be had from the fact that his first volume contains 465 pages of text and 179 pages of notes; the present one, 555 pages of text and 217 pages of notes. The result is a magnificent political biography, indeed one of the best in the English language, and sounder and fairer than those currently being written about Jefferson (by Dumas Malone) and Madison (by Irving Brant). It has everything a "Life and Times" of a great man should have—an unerring feel for the period and all the important actors in it; a sense of their destiny, fulfilled or not, as they go about their day-to-day affairs struggling with both trivial and monotonous matters; style—that is to say, the utilization of language which embodies judgment of immediate events and wisdom concerning their relevance in time.

How does a new nation—struggling to escape earlier false starts and disaster, caught in the crossfire of great-power conflict, with a disordered currency, no fiscal resources, indeed no élan—survive to achieve stability and an awareness of national purpose which will permit it to grow and prosper? It needs men of probity, vision and resolution: and these the young United States found in Alexander Hamilton and his older friend and patron and chief George Washington. In a striking passage, Mitchell sums up the relationship of the two:

"It is doubtful whether without Washington's constant support Hamilton's talents could have developed so fortunately and influenced the country so profoundly as they did. The figure of oak and vine is not right, for it does Hamilton too little honor. Rather Hamilton was a flourishing graft on a mighty stock, and bore some of the finest fruit of the parent tree. As the years passed the root seemed to belong to the branch as much as the other way round."

Alexander Hamilton. The National Adventure 1788-1804, by Broadus Mitchell. Macmillan, $12.50

A NEW NATION, beset as the America of its first decade was, must establish its honor—pay its old debts, provide for the incurring and extinguishment of new ones—create a climate in which industry will flourish and capital grow, establish a system of law that assures order but always protects individual right. Government leads; but it does not swallow up men and stultify their enterprise. It moves warily in the violent world of power politics, choosing its friends in terms of its capacity and will to survive. But it chooses: and Washington and Hamilton did, picking Britain, whose legal and constitutional principles they approved, and not Jacobin France, which had thrown order, duty and right to the four winds and embarked on the reckless adventure of conquering the minds and the emotions of its age in the name not of liberty, which it suppressed, but of equality—that treacherous dream of all authoritarians.

Washington and Hamilton had two triumphs: they established the faith and credit of the United States at home and abroad (through fiscal and banking policy) and they obtained peace (through the Jay Treaty with Britain). Hamilton was the architect of the second, too: we surrendered something, and what we gave up was temporary; we gained much—the good will of Britain and time in which to overcome the mistakes of the past.

AT ONLY ONE point does Mitchell falter: he calls Hamilton a "mercantilist" and a "planner"; he "belonged, in motive and method, quite as much to the early eighteenth century as to the last quarter of that century and the progress of the twentieth"; and he parted company with Adam Smith—national wealth was not a stock of commodities "but rounded efficiency in production and consumption," it was "social coordination, self-discipline of a people." This smacks not of the hard-headedness of David Hume whom Alexander Hamilton knew and admired, but of the *mystique* of all meddlers from Rousseau to Rathenau.

Mercantilism meant public direction and large-scale public participation at almost every point—through *manufactures royales,* monopolies, tight and restrictive controls over trade, industry, labor, the balance of payments. On the contrary, Hamilton spoke of "natural liberties," as did Adam Smith, and while he advocated a system of protectionism it was only to encourage "infant manufacture" and best of all through bounties which could not breed monopolies and were quickly terminable. This was not a "mixed economy," for, other than a minor contribution to the capitalization of the Bank of the United States, there was not that massive intervention by public authority that we associate with the term today.

The idea bemuses Mitchell and he returns to it repeatedly, thus phrasing it fully toward the end of the book:

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As it was, his recommendations for public intervention in the economy applied again more than a century after he left the scene. We are now witnesses to a new assumption of governmental responsibility. . . . We speak frankly of a mixed economy and policy—part public, part private. Thus Hamilton lives in the present, and for the future. Particularly new nations asserting their independence may takes lessons from him.

The last sentence holds, of course—but as it relates to the honoring of debts, fiscal integrity, and the maintenance of a world in which innovation can thrive and therefore capital and welfare increase. I prefer Mitchell's final thought: "Before he [Hamilton] died he had contributed powerfully to produce national sovereignty and solvency, which permitted central controls to be relaxed in favor of competition." This is the sounder judgment, and fixes the nature of the solidity and grandeur of Hamilton's permanent legacy to the country which he served so well as patriot and statesman.

Indian Summer of Innocence

NOEL E. PARMENTEL JR.

THE THIRTIES were, for me, a Crucial Decade. They began, in Heart's Ease, Mississippi, with my learning, at three, to read Orphan Annie for myself, galvanizing my father to observe "that boy is smart as a steel trap." And they ended, in Algiers, Louisiana, on a more noncomformist note: I announced to a startled freshman class at Martin Behrman High School, and to a shocked teacher we called Egyptian Ella, that I favored Wendell Willkie.

The Thirties: A Time to Remember, edited by Don Congdon. Simon and Schuster, $7.95

In our town the thirties brought, to be sure, WPA gangs, bank failures, Blue Eagles, Share the Wealth stickers, *batture* squatters, surly cane cutters, arrogant CIO organizers, and good men on the street. But, looking back, I tend to remember—and I believe others do too—the decade in different terms. There were Old Maestro Ben Bernie's "Yowsah, yowsah" and Amos' "Ow-wow, ow-wow" and Andy's "I'se regusted"; Fred Allen laughing at his own jokes about Jack Benny's anemia; baseball pictures with "Lou Gehrig Sez" at the bottom; sneaking in by the fire escape of the Air-Cooled Foto's Folly Theater (left open by Fred Webert, who later went off to become a priest) to watch Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers dancing on the mirrored ceilings of improbable staterooms, and, if we were in luck, Westbrook Van Voorhies' jeremiads on *The March of Time;* an illicit expedition with one Walter Ray Watson, when we took the ferry *S.S. Thomas Pickles* "over the river" to New Orleans, gawked up Canal Street, passed the Crescent Billiard Hall (the owner, Oakley Harris, had recently been gunned down on the premises by his lady friend), the forbidding Boston Club and the glamorous Roosevelt Hotel, and arrived at our destination: the Joy Strand, where for a nickel we watched a Pete Smith special, Buck Jones and Silver, and Don Ameche and Tyrone Power—a pair of tough New York City reporters, playing checkers with shots of rye and schooners of beer on a speakeasy floor. On the way back we stopped at Martin's, where, for fifteen cents each, we had a Po' Boy sandwich and a bottle of Jumbo sarsaparilla. Total cost for day, including ferry tickets, two bits each. All this seems to mark me as hopelessly non-political, but I did carry flares in Old Regular parades and I did hear Huey Long rally the faithful on Opelousas Avenue.

What the thirties represented, I suppose, was the Indian summer of American innocence. It was the time of the easy answer: Father Coughlin, Dr. Townsend, Will Rogers, Milo Reno, Major Bowes, Mr. Anthony. And Big Daddy himself, FDR.

BECAUSE OF the nostalgia the era evokes in me, I was pleased by the appearance of *The Thirties: A Time to Remember,* a new anthology edited by Don Congdon. Mr. Congdon has not only collected some of the decade's most arresting material, but has alternated his selections with a good many comments of his own. And although I am unable to agree with very many of his conclusions (he is obviously a more alert citizen than I am, and I doubt that he ever gave much thought to the outcome of that checker game between Don and Ty), many of his premises and observations are interesting and provocative.

In *The Thirties,* the Gashouse Gang magically reappears. There is the tragic story of the airship *Akron* and the failure of the American dirigible effort. Eric Sevareid writes movingly about his return to the Dakotas by freight car. There is a fine portrait of a mountain boy in the CCC, and a good chronology of the Scottsboro Boys. There is an hilarious memoir of Fiorello LaGuardia by an aide.

The Thirties has Stanley Walker's

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mordant description of Flemington, New Jersey, during the trial of Bruno Richard Hauptmann, as well as Alan Hynd's curiously touching account of the short, happy life of John Dillinger. There is "Primo Carnera" by Paul Gallico, who never should have said that Farewell to Sports, because he has written nothing but tripe since. Arthur Miller recalls his days at Ann Arbor, when he paid $1.75 a week for a room, made his dates (including the one he married) pay their own way, and "gasped when Roosevelt went over the line with the TVA." But despite FDR's linebucks into the Southeastern Conference, the young man who was to write *Death of A Salesman* and marry Marilyn Monroe was, in his secret heart, a Bennie Oosterbaan buff. There is a riveting piece by James MacGregor Burns, on Roosevelt's abortive attempt to pack the Court, which points up the *fuehrer prinzip* in all New Dealers. There is a piece by Alvah Bessie, a fascinating look into the mind of this American Communist. And there is John Houseman on the day Orson Welles convinced America that the Martians had landed.

THERE IS also a great deal of charmingly offbeat material, interesting incidental information. I learned how Dutch Schultz plotted with Lulu Rosencrantz, Abe "Misfit" Landau, and Abbadabba Berman to rub out Thomas E. Dewey in an East Side drugstore; that John Dillinger once rehearsed a bank robbery by posing as a movie director (puttees and all); that Buck Clayton hails from Parsons, Kansas; that a sporting *Harper's Bazaar* editor, wearing one of the first synthetic fabrics, was regretfully informed that her Schiaparelli had vanished in the dry cleaning fluid; and what Tom Pendergast, aboard the *Normandie,* told a courteous French count who asked how he had come to be "the ruler of Missouri." (Equally polite, the man who made Harry Truman replied: "Well, I'll tell you how I do it. It's a very simple thing when you come down to it. There's people that need things, lots of 'em, and I see to it that they get 'em.") And how calls to the White House from people in distress during the thirties were taken, according to Jimmy Roosevelt, "sometimes by me . . . occasionally by Mother." I learned, too, that in 1936 Walter Lippmann was for Landon, Westbrook Pegler for Roosevelt. This was also the year when the *Literary Digest* predicted a Republican landslide, and when H.L. Mencken, a Democrat for Landon, observed of FDR: "They could beat him with a Chinaman." They couldn't.

The Thirties could have been even better, had Irvin S. Cobb, Westbrook Pegler, Arch Oboler, Joe Mitchell and James Agee been represented. Where are Fred Allen or Amos n' Andy, Bruce Barton or John L. Lewis? What of the Radio Priest and the kindly old California doctor? (Among the era's demagogues, if one excepts Roosevelt from that category, only Huey Long is represented, in a rather stupid piece by Hodding Carter who totally misses the point about the Kingfish.) And

Random Notes

• MOVIES: In Ottawa a psychiatrist has advised the World Federalists that Westerns must go. They are, it seems, ideologically obsolete. The Conestoga wagon, the bearded homesteader, the lean scout are "a great handicap to us," Dr. Brock Chisholm has pronounced, "yet we perpetuate that image because we believe our ancestors must have been right in everything they did." He recommends that we shield our children from such imperialistic claptrap. . . . Meanwhile, *Variety* reports that the Australian Housewives' Association has set out to boycott all Liz Taylor and Richard Burton films, especially *Cleopatra*. . . . And the Legion of Decency has insisted that ads for the movie *Lolita* not mention Vladimir Nabokov's novel, and Nabokov's publishers are not to allude to the fact, apparently a secure secret, that a movie has been made from the book.

With all this flak from the authorities and the experts, it's no wonder 20th Century-Fox puts out this release: "*Ulysses*. James Joyce's classic dramatizing the adventures of three men—English, French and Russian scientists—who find a city of pure gold, but bring out stones of energy they name 'uranium.' A Jerry Wald production. Director: Jack Cardiff. Cinemascope with De Luxe Color."

• MUSIC: Eddie Kalish reports that the college circuit for country singers and Blue Grass guitar and banjo artists has now become established as big time doings. Colleges, he points out, are "the greatest captive audience in the world," pay well and quickly, and do their own promotion work. Hillbillies in the academy now make more money than the rock-and-roll bands who are also welcome on campus. . . . Knopf plans to bring out Louis Gottschalk's *Notes of a Pianist,* originally published in 1881, the diaries of the New Orleans composer.

• BOOKS: Edgar Rice Burroughs' science fiction, long out of print, is being republished by a new outfit, Canaveral Press (a subdivision of Biblo and Tannen). *A Fighting Man of Mars, Moon Men* and *Monster Men* are ready in old-fashioned cloth bindings, $2.75 each. And Dover has just brought out three more vintage 1920 Burroughses: *Thuvia, The Chessman of Mars,* and *The Master Mind of Mars,* bound together as *Three Martian Novels,* $1.75.

For fans of eccentricity, Irving Wallace's study of American cranks and engaging crackpots, *The Square Pegs,* is being issued in a cheap paperback (Berkley, 60¢). . . . Both King Hussein of Jordan and the Dalai Lama of Tibet have books coming up in July: Hussein's is called *Uneasy Lies the Head* (Bernard Geis, $4.95) and the Dalai Lama's *My Land and My People* (McGraw-Hill, $5).

T. R. Fyvel's *Troublemakers* (Schocken Books), a study of juvenile delinquents the world over, suggests that not poverty but prosperity is the cause of teenage gangs, teddy boys, and that ilk.

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where is Amelia Earhart, or, for that matter, Wrong-Way Corrigan? Any editor has space problems in a 624-page book, but perhaps some of these figures might have been squeezed into the four pieces and 43 pages allotted Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr.

But I have only two serious criticisms to make of *The Thirties*. One is that the book has no index, an incredible oversight in such a valuable source book. The other is the editor's strong leftist bias, apparent in both his choice of material and his commentaries. Although a point of view is his privilege, both as editor and commentator, his lapses into New Deal jargon and Liberal sentimentality (sections headed "The People, Yes"; "A President Who Cared"—guess who?; "The Nation's Heartbeat Was Never More Loud and Clear"; and similar claptrap) are simply out of place in an anthology as fine as this. For *The Thirties* is a fine book. And, despite bank busts, Blue Eagles, dust bowls and New Deals, it was a fine time to grow up in America. It seems a long time ago that Walter Ray Watson and I took that walk on the wild side. And it seems even longer ago since the editor of the *New Republic* could visit Boulder Dam and write:

> I found myself making comparisons between Boulder City and Las Vegas, to the disadvantage of the latter. Boulder City was built and is still largely controlled by the federal government, and it has none of the things of which its rival has so many too many. Even if you assume that Las Vegas is Boulder City's necessary slum, you still can't help feeling that in this place private industry shows itself in one of its less savory forms.

Bruce Bliven had seen the future and it seemed to work, but when The People, Yes, eventually expressed Their Collective Will as regards Boulder City and Las Vegas, The Nation's Heartbeat Was Never More Loud and Clear.

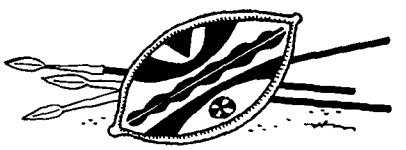
Grand Alliance—with Gomala

FINIS FARR

GOMALA was a God-forsaken chunk of sub-equatorial jungle, populated by something over a million warring savages with a literacy rate of 2.2 per cent. The natives in its 41,382 square miles spoke eight distinct dialects, and its produce, such as it was, consisted of palm kernels and cocoa. Naturally, the State Department had been prompt to recognize the nationality of Gomala, and to endorse it for voting membership in the United Nations. And naturally, Washington's morning newspaper demanded that substantial boodle be instantly lifted from the U.S. Treasury and given to this latest "emergent nation."

A Gift for Gomala, by John Baxter. Lippincott, $4.95

John Baxter, author of *A Gift for Gomala*, has caught the drone of the Liberal editorial style so perfectly that it demands quotation. At the start of the story, the government employees who people this witty and well-written novel read in the *Washington Post and Times-Herald* that "last month a new nation took its place beside the others on the African continent; the new Republic of Gomala, only recently freed from long Colonial domination. Our hopes quite naturally are that Gomala will evolve democratically in stride with the West, but it cannot do so unaided. Its institutions are too new, its semi-literate populace as yet insufficiently aware of the boon of democracy. In Gomala the Department, indeed our entire government, has an opportunity to erase the mistakes of past favoritism to colonial powers, and provide an indispensable boost to this new and proud nation. The Foreign Policy Council has estimated that to exist Gomala needs immediate credits of no less than $175,000,000. Will the Department respond, or will it smugly ignore yet another chance to aid the growth of democracy in a young and uncertain republic?"



When the reader gets that far, he can settle back, for he knows he is in good hands. John Baxter is the pseudonym of a government official with some years of experience on what is known as the high level. He is also something of a sport of nature, for in spite of his high position in government, he is an honest and intelligent man, with room in his heart for the taxpayers. In addition, John Baxter happens to be a highly skilled professional writer, so that when he turns to satire, as in *A Gift for Gomala*, he does so with deft characterization, dialogue that is both funny and convincing, and a hand at the controls of his story that is very light and very sure.

Consider, for example, Gomala's representative in the United States, a person of indescribable effrontery, who uses his tribal robes to impress a panel of journalistic toadies in a news conference scene from which the Washington press corps will not soon recover. This gathering is arranged by Marty Gertz, an appallingly lifelike lobbyist and publicity man, who is working with his experienced eye on a cut of the $175,000,000—charging the American people for picking their pockets. Only Washington's honest and hard-digging reporters—there are a few—will not be burnt by the satire in this scene, which shows the enormously swelled heads of the journalists and their prodigious appetite for free food and drink. What is a man worth, John Baxter is asking, who can be bought for a pint of One Feather Whiskey and a little pandering to his sense of self-esteem?

If the journalists are fried to a crisp by Baxter's satire, the government employees are also well grilled in their turn. There are exceptions; Hobart Stevens, an Assistant Secretary of State, is a decent man with common sense, a lawyer in his late fifties, trying to serve his country. Arthur Robinson, a young Foreign Service officer, wants to do the right thing. But the rest of them—booze-soaked, red-tape-tied, jargon-speaking—they are no good. And they can't be fired.

It is the measure of John Baxter's artistry and skill that he is able to make this funny. And yet he makes it plain that the gift for Gomala is a deadly error, and that it may come back in the form of treachery and hatred such as the world has never known.

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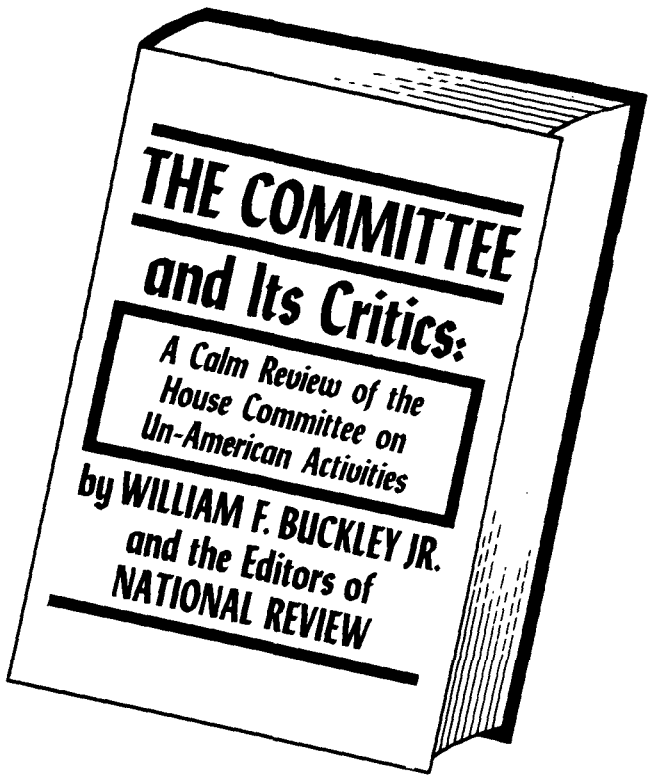
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Dead Heat

MORTON CRONIN

ALTHOUGH not a great novel, Allen Drury's *Advise and Consent,* which producer-director Otto Preminger has converted into a movie, was a readable and memorable novel. What made it memorable was that Drury honestly portrayed the most important conflict in American politics. That conflict is not between pro-Americans and pro-Communists. It is between men who are determined to preserve and champion the American tradition, at the risk of war if necessary, and men who, without disclaiming the superiority of the American tradition, cannot bring themselves to be beastly to the Communists in protecting and encouraging it.

This country has never lacked for native critics—*e.g.,* Emerson, Thoreau and Mark Twain in the last century, Jack London, H. L. Mencken and Sinclair Lewis in this one. But what always distinguished such critics, many of whom lived to be honored, enriched, and even revered by the country they chastised, was the open and defiant nature of their displeasure with American society.

But now we have something different. The typical American intellectual is not consciously at odds with the American tradition. He is not against America. He is just not vigorously against Russia. Allen Drury's novel revolved around a contest in the United States Senate over the confirmation of such a man, Robert Leffingwell, as Secretary of State. If Leffingwell had been decisively one thing or another—pro-Communist or pro-American—the novel would have dodged the real issue. But Drury made Leffingwell the right type—the most significant type of our time—and thus made his novel, despite its soft spots and stylistic infirmities, truly dramatic and seriously interesting. And, in his own moral judgment on the contestants, Drury came down, temperately but firmly, on the side of those who represented the American tradition without debilitating reservations.

Even now, the best writers in America — Robert Frost, William Faulkner, Tennessee Williams, J. D. Salinger — are essentially conservative, in the sense that they find the primary locus of reality—the arena in which salvation is gained or lost—in the individual rather than in society. But nowadays writers such as these rarely express their convictions in political terms. In fact, when on occasion they do flop about ideologically, they usually flop on the Liberal side, in violation of their own deepest intuitions. When it comes to politics, the influence of the intellectual community as a whole—that army of second-rate writers, critics, journalists and professors for whom ideological goose-stepping passes for talent and wisdom—is too much for them. And so Allen Drury, in writing of politics without echoing the Liberal and pacifistic fatuities, did what even his literary betters evidently cannot do.

WELL, what did Mr. Preminger—and Wendell Mayes, who wrote the script—do with this story? The movie is one of the neatest balancing acts I have ever seen. It begins with the American flag billowing across the screen, and throughout we have a general affirmation of America. But whose America, Leffingwell's or his opponents'? We shall never know. The contest, which in the novel ended in victory for the traditionalists, ends in the movie in a dead heat.

As Leffingwell, Henry Fonda begins promisingly enough, his air and manner subtly suggesting that external rectitude and internal ambiguity of the high-minded egghead who is neither at one with his countrymen nor frankly in opposition to them. But the script soon deprives him of the opportunity to develop what might have been his finest performance. It has him come clean—not only to the President, who nominated him, but even to his twelve-year-old son.

And what does this coming clean consist of? Admitting that as a young college student in search of an ideal he had attended a few meetings of a Communist study group—and been promptly disillusioned. In other words, the highly significant Leffingwell of Drury's novel—whose counterpart in real life, incidentally, has usually not even attended a few meetings of a Communist study group—this Leffingwell is replaced by one who is simply innocent, innocent beyond any question, of the divided loyalties or debilitating doubts his senatorial opponents suspect.

I don't know whether Messrs. Preminger and Mayes made this change—and others like it, which complete the balancing act—for the sake of the box office, in which case they almost certainly blundered; for the sake of the critics, most of whom are Liberals; or for the sake of their own peace of mind which perhaps they, like so many others, only preserve by sweeping the real issue under the carpet. What is certain is that they effectively abolished the drama in Drury's story. What is left collapses immediately into the melodrama of a mere contest between two political factions which has no meaning beyond the temporary excitement it generates.

How is the picture as melodrama? Not bad. I found it entertaining. I don't know. Sometimes I'm grateful just for a pretty face. Gene Tierney appears in an undemanding role but with that elegance and air of cultivation which are uniquely hers. The locale does a great deal for the picture. Washington is the most graciously impressive seat of government in the world. And the United States Senate helps out with its historic glamor and early American charm.

But playing senators is a strain on the actors, most of whom are too young—or simply look too much like actors—for such roles. Walter Pidgeon would make a good attaché at the British Embassy, but he is miscast as the Senate Majority Leader. Peter Lawford fares better, if only because he is frankly cast as a playboy senator. Remembering his distinguished family connection, I was pleased that he voted against the Leffingwell nomination, although the logic of my reaction escapes me. Lew Ayres turns up as the Vice President. It gives one a jolt to see Franchot Tone as the President. I never saw an actor, however, who could play a President convincingly, not even

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Raymond Massey. But then one or two actual Presidents have had the same difficulty.

The choicest role, that of Seab Cooley, the senator from South Carolina who leads the resistance to Leffingwell, went to Charles Laughton. His performance is good enough to make him the picture's stand-out actor. But it could have been better. Laughton sometimes wallows and blubbers about in the role, acting and applauding himself at the same time. Mr. Preminger should have . . . but what's the use? I suppose I should have written, cast, directed and produced this picture myself.

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THE INTEGRATING MIND, by William F. Lynch, S.J. (Sheed and Ward, $3.95). Father Lynch continues, in his fourth book, the labor to which he has dedicated himself—the study of the implications of the Incarnation for human life. Here he discusses man's "incarnation" in tradition. His second chapter defends what Burke called "prejudice," the inherited richness of shared experience. Only in the "bondage" of such an orienting tradition are men's energies released. Freedom is not escape from "incarnation" in commitment. It is a surging motion *toward* an energy that *grasps*. To seek "freedom from" rather than "freedom for" is the great fallacy of the man Father Lynch calls "The American Adam," who will not admit he has ancestors and a history. G. WILLS

SO YOU WANT TO RAISE A BOY?, by W. Cleon Skousen (Doubleday, $4.50). From the author of *The Naked Communist*, previously known to us only for his activities in the fight against Communism, comes an extraordinarily sober and useful, down-to-earth discussion of parental problems with the young male of the species. Mr. Skousen brings to his consideration the experience of a father of a numerous family, of a former Special Agent of the FBI, and of Police Chief of Salt Lake City. The book is throughout free of the clinical aridity or the saccharin insipidity that so often characterizes such manuals. It is an epitome of homely common sense. F. S. MEYER

JAMES MADISON, *Commander in Chief*, by Irving Brant (Bobbs Merrill, $7.50). James Madison, a man of many talents, has a peculiar distinction: one of some 35 men who have served as President of the United States, he is more renowned for what he accomplished outside that office than for his tenure in it. Conservatives who admire Madison, in particular think of him as the master builder of our constitutional system. This book portrays him in another, less familiar role: as a magistrate attempting to lead a divided nation against a foreign enemy. Harassed by British and French depredations at sea, he undertook to vindicate the national honor while combating rampant sedition at home. Branded as "warhawks," he and his congressional supporters managed to consolidate a national will to victory despite internal dissension, tactical blunders (such as the surrender of 2,500 men at Detroit by Brig. Gen. William Hull), and dangerous odds which brought the nation more than once to the edge of defeat. We may well imagine what our fourth President, who hazarded so much to end the harassment of American shipping, would think of his country today —as it abandons American lives and American property to a ravenous enemy. M. S. EVANS

NEWMAN, THE PILLAR OF THE CLOUD, by Meriol Trevor (Macmillan, $7.95). This is the first volume (to 1853) of an Oratory-authorized new biography, using all the relevant material from the pen of Newman and those acquainted with him. It is a learned work, but not usefully so: references are inadequate, sources not given for important anecdotes. It is imaginative but not in marking vividly the major events, which glide unobtrustively by; rather, in scattering little homilies along the way, protesting too much that Newman was "normal," yet adding that he was invariably more virtuous than those he dealt with. Newman can survive even this; but what about the reader? At least the illustrations are good—including a bust of Newman that resembles the young Lincoln. It is worth remembering that the melancholy Newman of later life was, like Lincoln, a born leader and something of an agitator in his youth. One man gained the top, through a course of action that gave him cause for melancholy. The other went through defeat after defeat, saddened, drained of the younger and cruder forms of ambition. One betrayed his greatness, and became a tragic hero. The other stayed true, and achieved something approaching the purification of martyrdom. W. ROMAN

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To the Editor

Kendall v. Baloney

In re: "Baloney and Free Speech" [May 22]—Hear! Hear!

Learned Hand at his eloquent best used to make speeches like this.

Honolulu, Hawaii GERALD EATON-READ

I enjoyed Willmoore Kendall's article "Baloney and Free Speech," but I believe it fails to live up to my expectations in that it tends more to confuse the present-day issue than to clear the waters muddied by the illiberal Liberals.

The issue is not free speech versus anti-free speech, as our bleeding hearts would have us believe. The question is, Who pays for the podium. As Voltaire said, "I disapprove of what you say, but I will defend to the death your right to say it," but I do not recall his offering to pay for the podium. The American taxpayer has no obligation to furnish a podium at our universities or elsewhere.

Streetsboro, Ohio JOHN A. ALEXANDER

Looking Back

A slight correction ["The Week," May 22]: James F. Byrnes was not appointed Supreme Court Justice by President Truman but by President Roosevelt in 1941. However, it is a shame that Truman did not appoint him, for Byrnes might have stayed on the Court and the U.S. would have there another strong conservative.

Lakeville, Conn. VICTOR H. ASHE

Palm Beach: Finale!

Fair's fair, so let me have a slug at Mrs. Robert Lewis Taylor, who wrote a snide and somewhat defamatory letter about me in a recent issue of NATIONAL REVIEW [June 5].

Unlike Mr. Lewis, I have spent almost every winter in Palm Beach since 1946, gathering material for my novels. He spent only a couple of brief months there. . . . Mr. Lewis, from his article, appears to believe that a certain club where the President plays golf is "Mr. Kennedy's club." And his lady wife carries on the "error"—let us call it that, politely—by insisting in her letter, denouncing me, that it is "Mr. Kennedy's club"—which, of course, it is not. He is not even a member!

Mr. Kennedy is sponsored by a member, and so as a guest of a member he can play at the club, as can anyone else who is invited by a member, colored or white. (I have seen Negroes, friends of members, play at the club.) Anyone can join, if able to pay the necessarily high dues, which are no higher than any other golf club in Palm Beach. . . .

Mrs. Lewis resents my description of some of the parvenus in Palm Beach, whom I called "horse-faced 'aristocratic' ladies." She remarks in her letter that they are "first-comers —the majority of our land, the people who fought for it and built it up. Are they what Miss Caldwell is really against?"

I don't know if those ladies—burnt brown as old saddle leather and possessing voices like medium range foghorns—are "first line" Americans. But I know damn well that I am! One of my ancestors fought with George Washington and I am eligible for the DAR. And there were no people "in trade" in my family, unlike the majority of the visitors to Palm Beach every winter. My people were all professors, clergymen, artists, doctors, lawyers, despite Mrs. Lewis' insinuation about me. . . .

Buffalo, N.Y. TAYLOR CALDWELL

All right now, ladies, the match is over! —ED.

Pay TV As She Looks to the Chairman of the Anti-Pay TV Committee of the Theater Owners of America, Inc.

Mr. Mooney contacted our organization several months ago to say he was writing what he described as an appraisal of pay television. In the belief this would be an objective article, we sent him much background material, and also spent considerable time with him on two separate occasions to explain the reasons for the opposition by interests fighting Pay TV. We should also add at this point that we sincerely believe that Pay TV is not in the public interest.

His opening statement that "Pay TV will completely change the entertainment pattern of America. It will close many movie theaters, eliminate the commercial attractions of prime evening time, and eliminate the networks themselves . . ." is pure opinion without reason. If it were so, neither we, free television, nor hundreds of womens' [*sic*], civic, educational, ministerial, labor or veterans' groups would be wasting time and money opposing this insidious attempt to grab the air waves. Pay TV is neither economically nor artisticly [*sic*] sound in its few tests to date. Nor is it "here," because only after three years of testing will the Federal Communications Commission, and ultimately Congress, decide whether it is desirable on a permanent basis.

New York City PHILIP F. HARLING

Mr. Mooney Replies

Mr. Harling states his is not "solely a selfish position." He sincerely believes "that Pay TV is not in the public interest." He wants us to wait until the FCC, "and ultimately Congress, decide whether it is desirable on a permanent basis."

That is why, as Chairman of the Anti-Pay TV Committee of The Theatre Owners of America, Inc., he has opposed public testing of the public interest. Mr. Harling clearly will accept any definition of the public interest that fits his own, provided the public does not make it themselves in the market place.

Mr. Harling also confuses a number of facts: Pay TV might in some cases be an "insidious attempt to grab the air waves," but Paramount uses leased wires just as the Theatre Owners do for their Pay TV for heavyweight bouts.

I suggest a Movie Bank program with strict acreage controls for Drive-Ins and Irrigation for Newton Minow's "Wastelands."

New York City MICHAEL M. MOONEY

Corinna Goes A-Maying . . .

With brilliance and with firmness
You show us every week
How yellow is our wormness,
How craven are the meek.

(And yet the meek inherit
The earth, as they recount
Who recognize a merit
In the Sermon on the Mount.)

"To victory," you cry, "full-manned,
For God, for country, Yale!"
Our school, of course, *our* God, *our* land,
And throw the cranks in jail.

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"That's patriotic, man," you say,
"Our nation must be strong,
The better able thus to slay
Our foes who do us wrong."

(But have you, warmonger,
Heard it said
"If thine enemy hunger,
Give him bread"?)

I'll grant you hard cold logic
On a marblehearted plane,
But your logic's epagogic
And your humor inhumane.

(And I even doubt that you will accept without controversy
That "he shall have judgment without mercy that hath shewed no mercy.")

With your basic ideology
I seriously quarrel,
And I find your sociology
Both heartless and immoral.

Worse perhaps, your ceaseless carping
At the peace we Liberals love
And your endless dreary harping
On the antics of Khrushchev
Tend, far more than gentler arguments of Liberality,
Just to make a more convinced and zealous Liberal of me.

New York City CORINNA MARSH

The Editors Reply

Corinna, let us tell you if we can:
The Liberal line, in verse or prose, won't scan. WFB

In this sad world what could be worse
Than Liberal lines, in prose or verse?
WAR

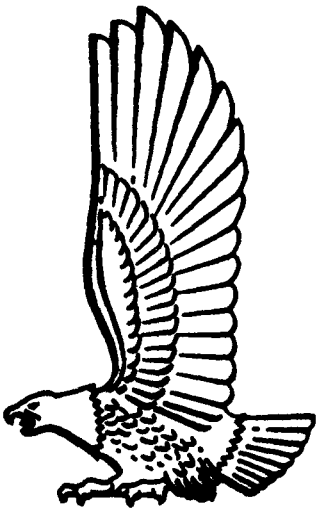
The Liberals prove as they speak or write,
They always indict, but never indite.
LBB

We thought we'd seen the world's disasters;
We had forgot: pink poetasters.
JB

In life as in letters the Liberals' purse
Will tax our prosody for their free verse. WK

Mind you, we do not say it's treason:
Your verse offends both rhyme *and* reason. FSM

Than death there is a fate more hard:
To be a Liberal, and a bard. PLB



"If freedom is really our purpose, then it must be defended where it was once enjoyed, not merely urged where it has never flowered."

Leo Cherne,
Executive Director,
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Prose, Madame, prose:
We've enough woes. WFR

See What We Mean?

While studying for my final examination in political science (text: *The American System of Government* by Ferguson and McHenry), I ran across the following interesting item (page 489). "The policy of containment has had still another military phase—one of providing aid to *friendly* powers. Greece, Turkey, Spain, Pakistan, *Yugoslavia*—indeed practically all 'free nations'—have been recipients." (Italics mine.) Comment seems superfluous, but the Establishment does manage to creep everywhere, even into "tiny Hampden-Sydney College."

Farmville, Va. WILLIAM R. MIDDELTHON JR.

The Typo Detected

Guy Davenport's review of Gertrud von LeFort's *The Judgment of the Sea* [June 5] states that she was a Huguenot until her conversion to Catholicism in *1952*.

Judging by her tribute to Karl Muth on his 70th birthday, my guess is that she became a Catholic shortly after the First World War. An article of Professor Muth's had made a deep impression upon her about that time. I believe *1922* is more nearly correct.

Her celebrated *Hymnen an die Kirche* carry the *imprimatur* of the Munich Vicar General dated 5 August, 1939. (The late Mrs. Winthrop Chauler translated these hymns into distinguished English verse.)

Annapolis, Md. WM. A. P. MARTIN

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Among the wealth of your pages I have noted with great pleasure the appearance of an expanded poetry section. I have also happily observed the conspicuous absence of that ever-popular variety of verse (not to be glorified by the term "poetry") which is most aptly described as "I - don't - know - and - you - don't - know - what - I'm - saying - but - it - doesn't - make - any - difference - because - I - have - nothing - whatever - to - say - but - don't - I - say - what - I - don't - say - beautifully" type verse.

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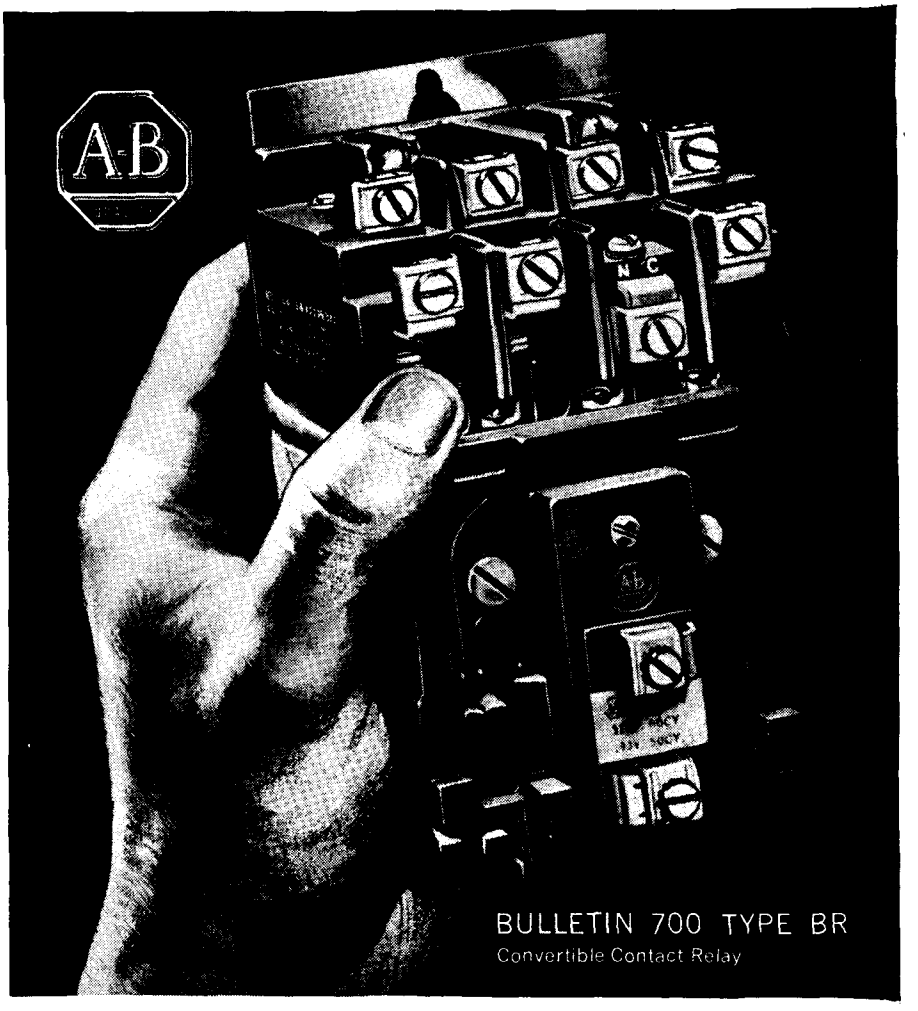

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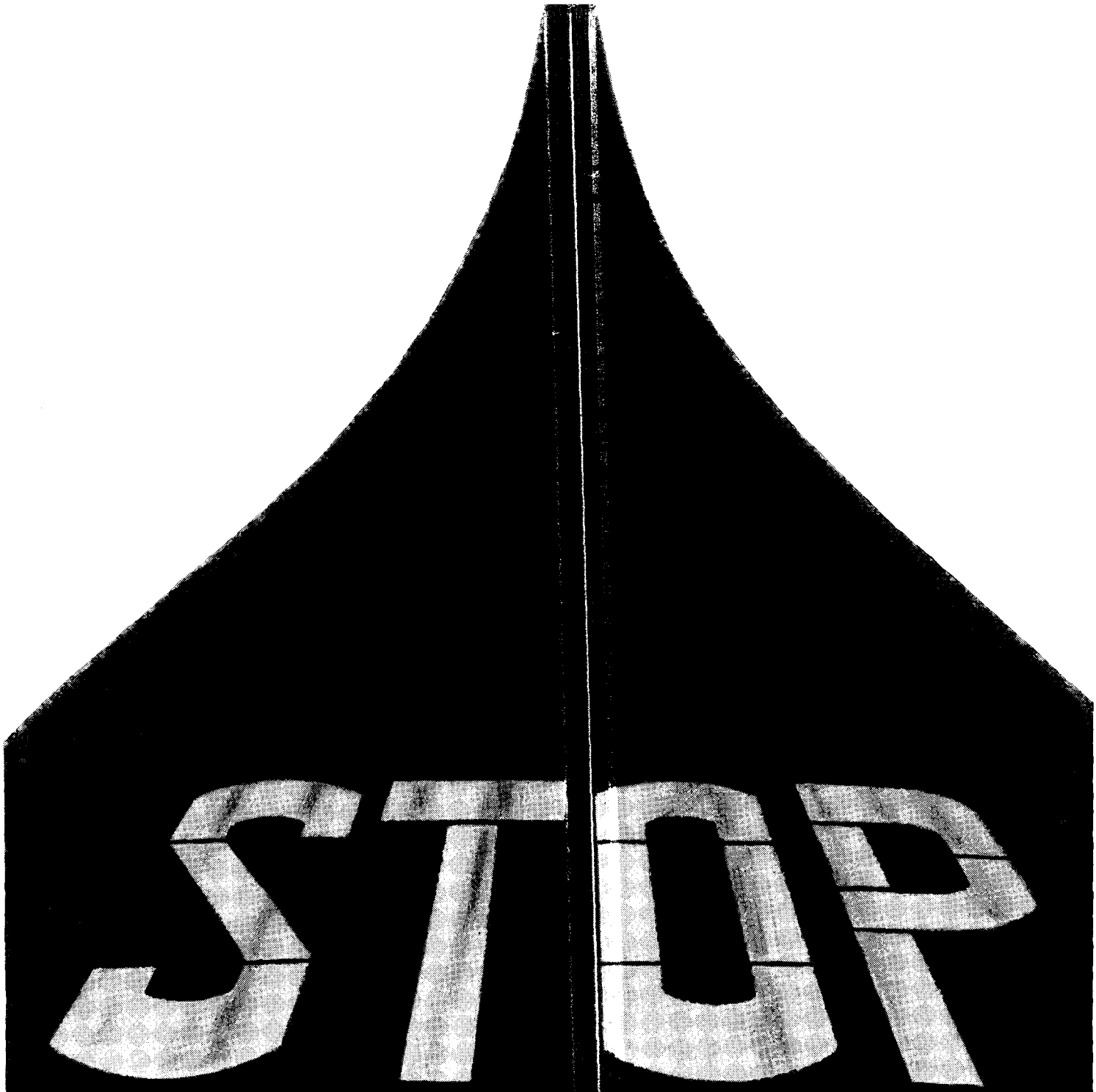

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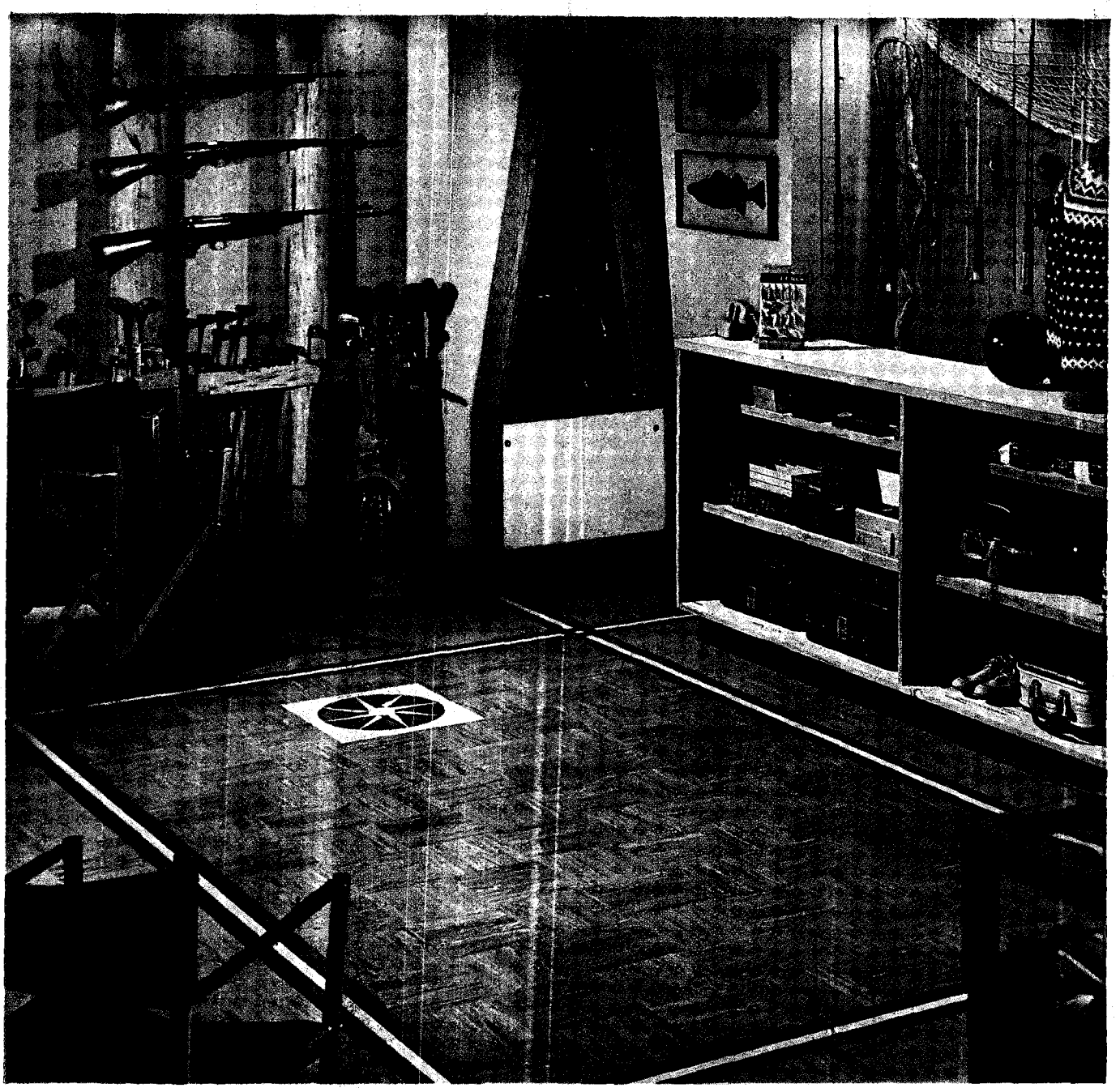

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